

NOV. - NOV.

FORBIDDEN WORLDS

10¢

Can the
CURSE OF A
LONG-DEAD MUMMY
STRIKE THROUGH THE
AGES? READ THE CHILL-
ING ANSWER IN
"The MUMMY'S
TREASURE!"

IT WAS YOU...
WHO DISTURBED...MY
REST! AND NOW...YOU
MUST **PAY!**





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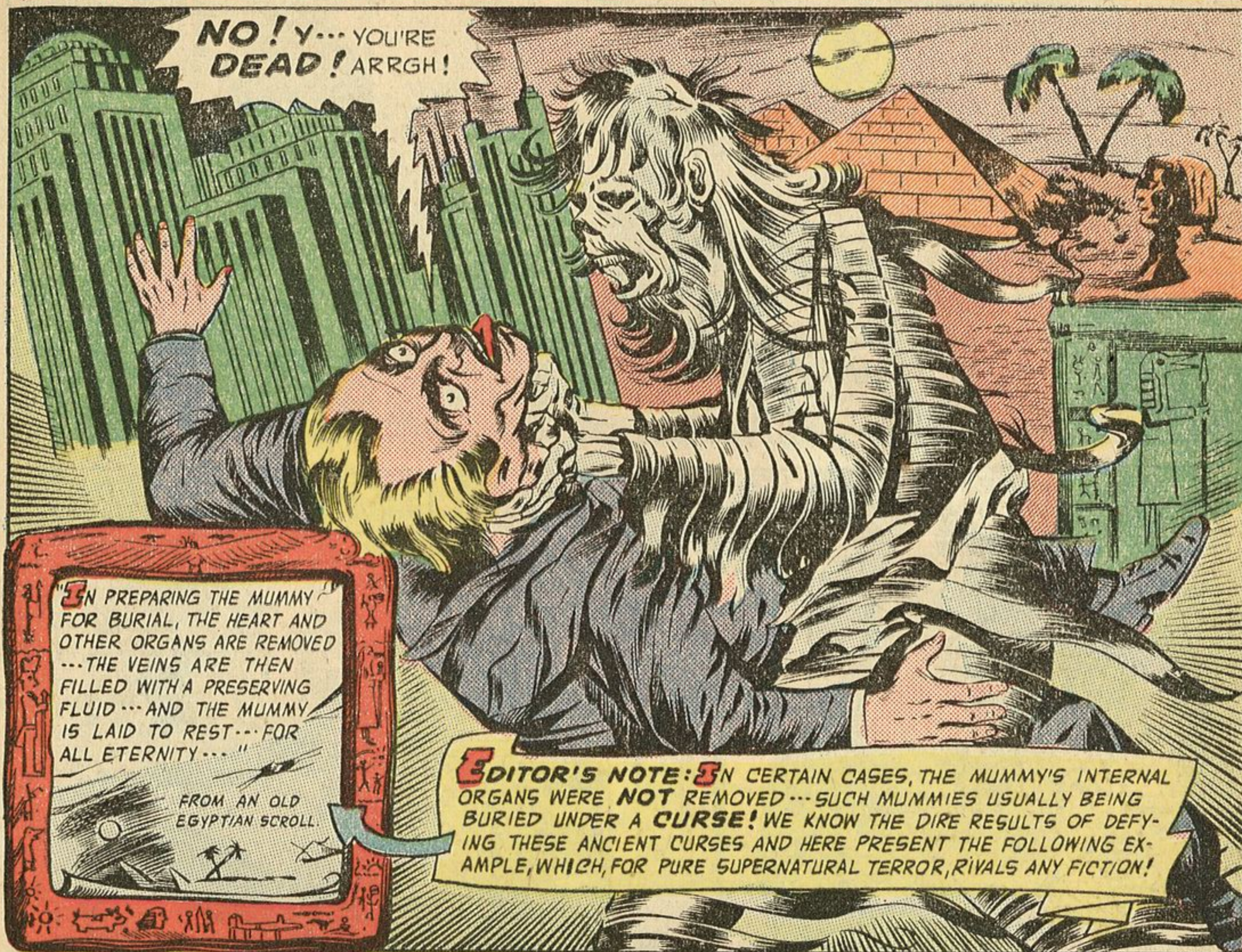
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THE MUMMY'S TREASURE!



WHAT COULD BE MORE INNOCENT?... A GROUP OF MERRY CHILDREN ON A TOUR OF A CITY MUSEUM! AND YET... SEE HOW THIS SIMPLE BEGINNING STARTED A PATTERN OF INDESCRIBABLE PANIC!

THIS IS THE EGYPTIAN ROOM, CHILDREN! LOOK AT THIS MUMMY CASE... IT MUST BE **THOUSANDS** OF YEARS OLD!

GOSH!

NOT TOO CLOSE, MISS MERRITT! THIS IS A NEW FIND... JUST CAME IN TODAY FROM EGYPT...

THERE'S SOMETHING... **STRANGE** ABOUT IT! NOBODY HERE CAN **OPEN** THE THING!

THAT INSCRIPTION... WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

IT SAYS... "**WHOEVER DISTURBS MY REST MUST HIS GREATEST TREASURE SURRENDER!**"

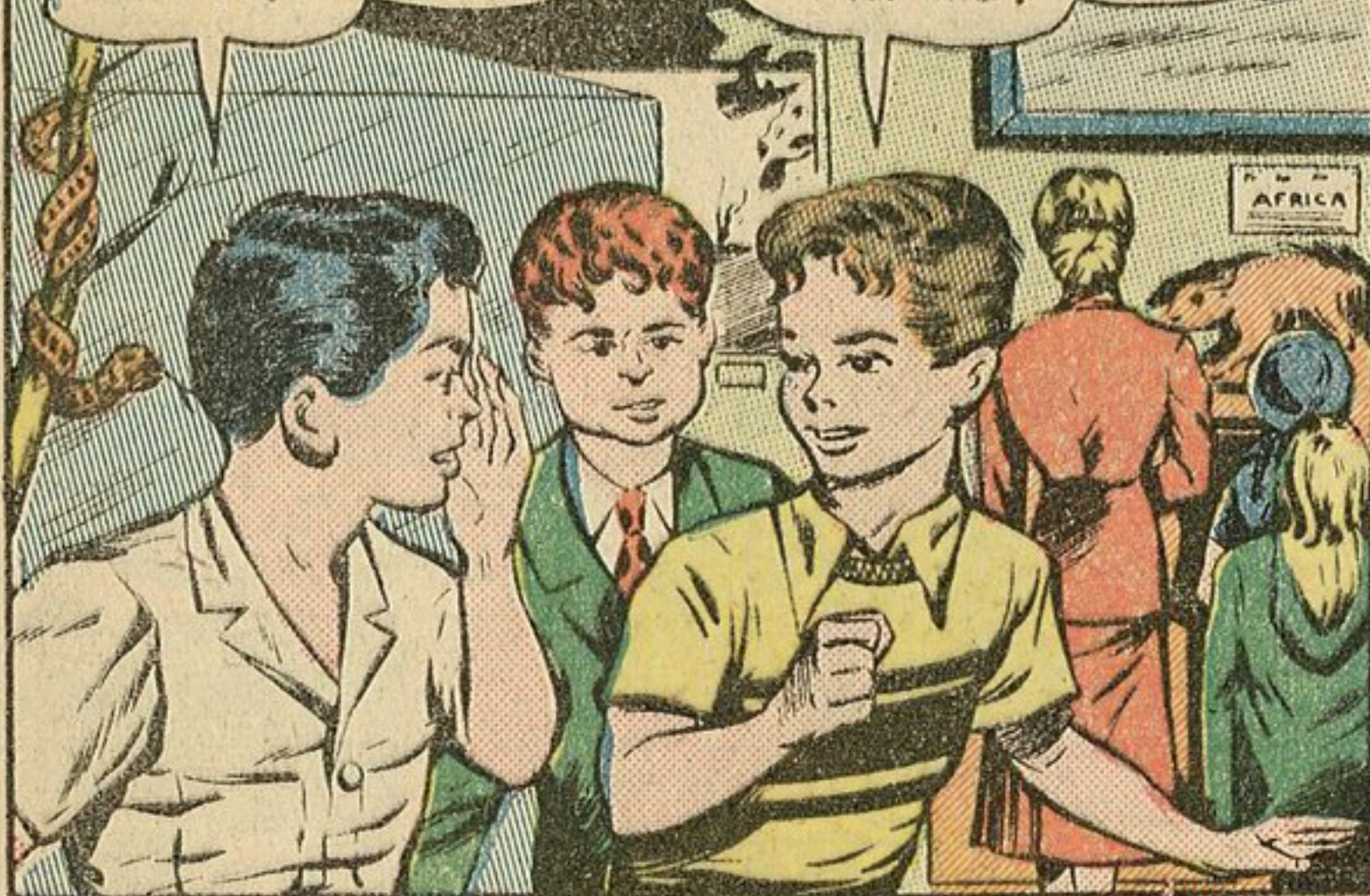
UGH! IT'S... DIABOLICAL! COME, CHILDREN... LET'S GO ON TO ANOTHER EXHIBIT!



BUT NOW THE FRIGHTFUL SCENE HAS BEEN SET...FOR DEATH!
IT STARTED WITH A CHILDISH GAME OF HIDE AND SEEK...

C'MON, DANNY...THIS MUSEUM STUFF IS FER GIRLS! I'LL BE "IT!"

OKAY...I KNOW A PLACE YOU'LL NEVER FIND ME!



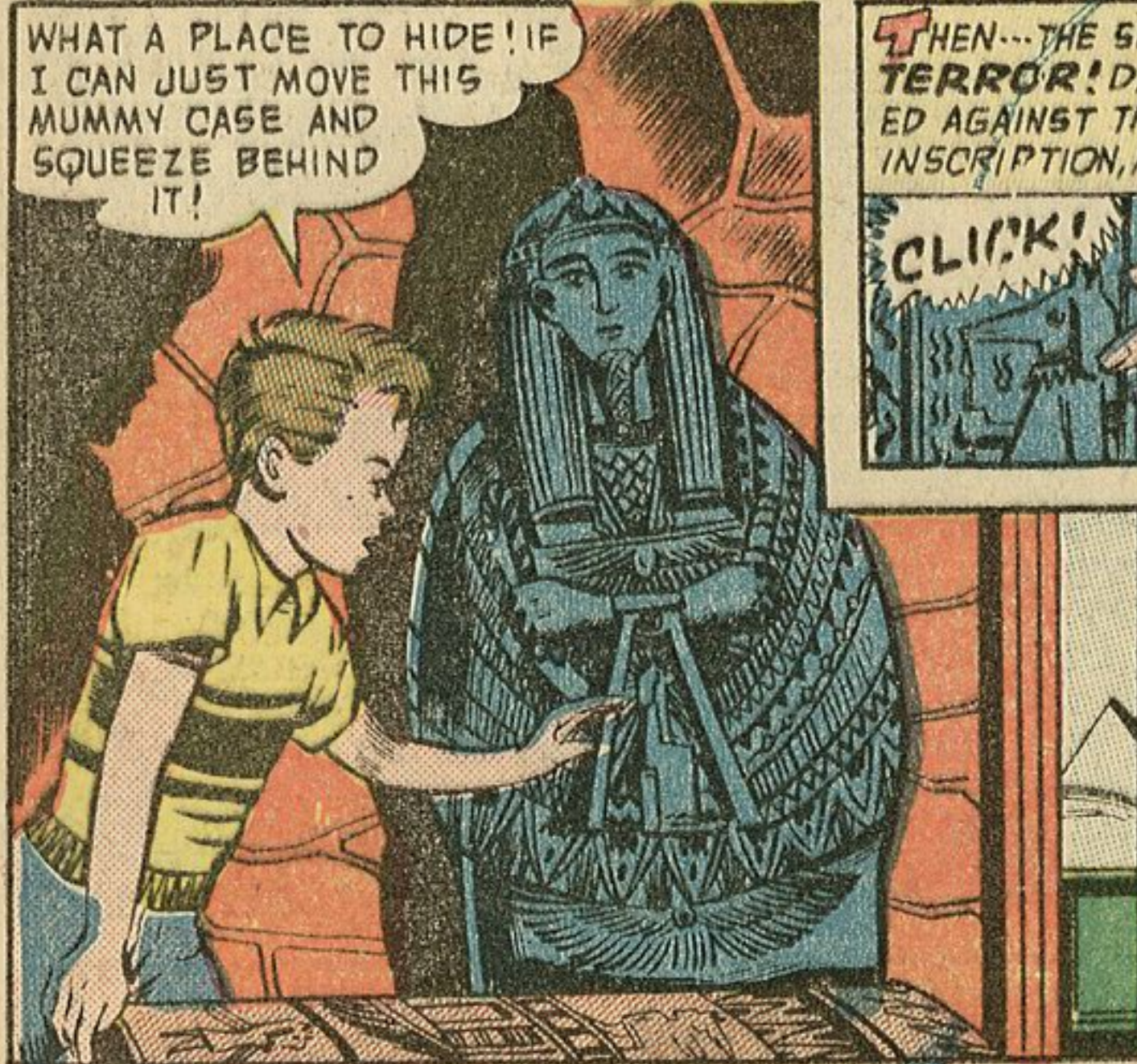
BACK INTO THE EGYPTIAN ROOM...DARKENED NOW, IT SEEMED MORE EERY AND FORBIDDING THEN EVER! FEARFULLY, DANNY PAUSED...THEN...WENT ON!



G-GOSH! THAT OLD MUMMY CASE LOOKS ALMOST...
ALIVE!



WHAT A PLACE TO HIDE! IF I CAN JUST MOVE THIS MUMMY CASE AND SQUEEZE BEHIND IT!

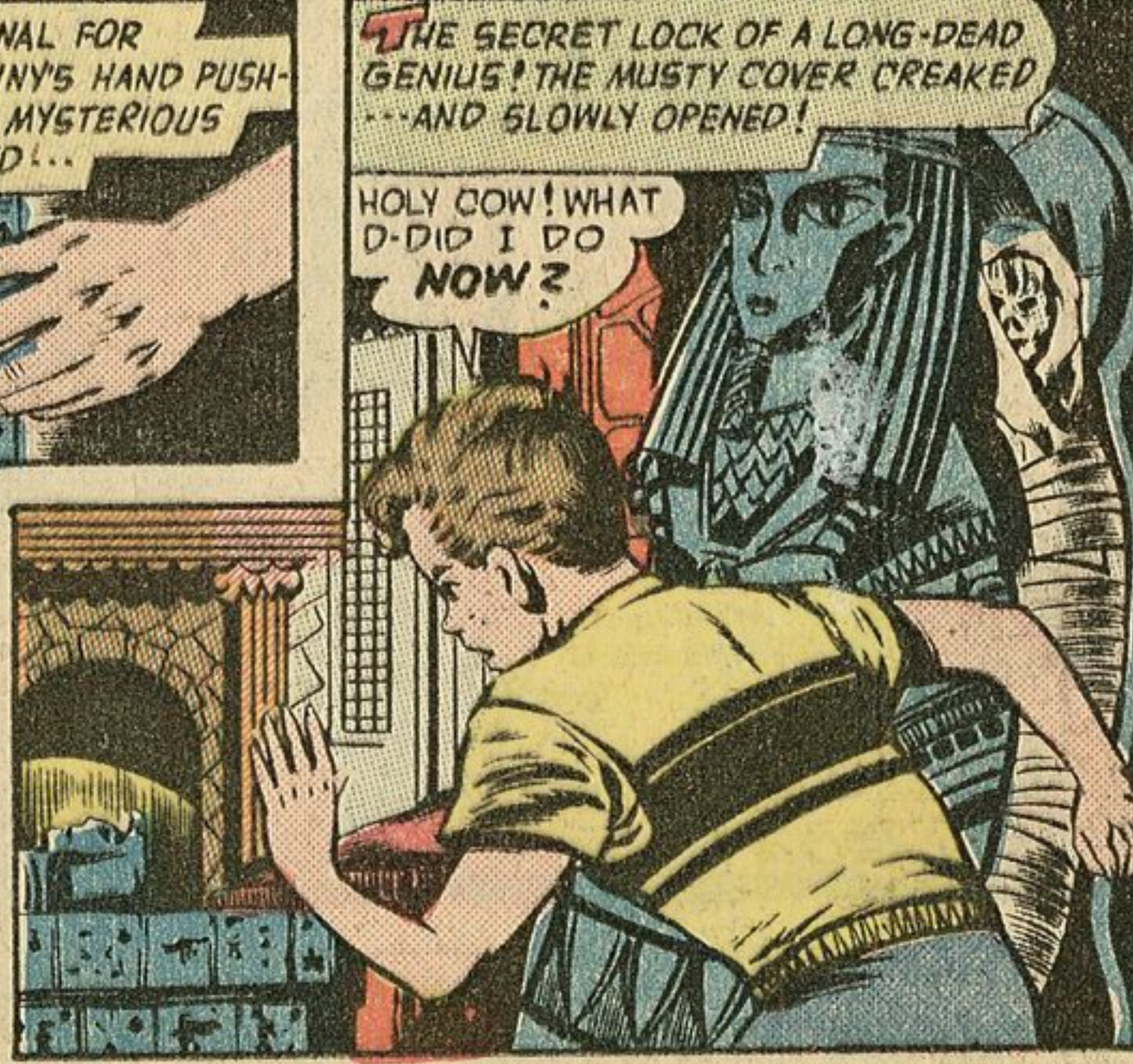


THEN...THE SIGNAL FOR TERROR! DANNY'S HAND PUSHED AGAINST THE MYSTERIOUS INSCRIPTION, AND...



THE SECRET LOCK OF A LONG-DEAD GENIUS! THE MUSTY COVER CREAKED...AND SLOWLY OPENED!

HOLY COW! WHAT D-DID I DO NOW?



NUMBED BY HORROR, DANNY'S EYES WERE DRAWN TO THE HIDEOUS THING INSIDE THE CASE! HARDLY BELIEVING HIS EYES, HE SAW...



ITS EYES... THEY'RE OPENING!

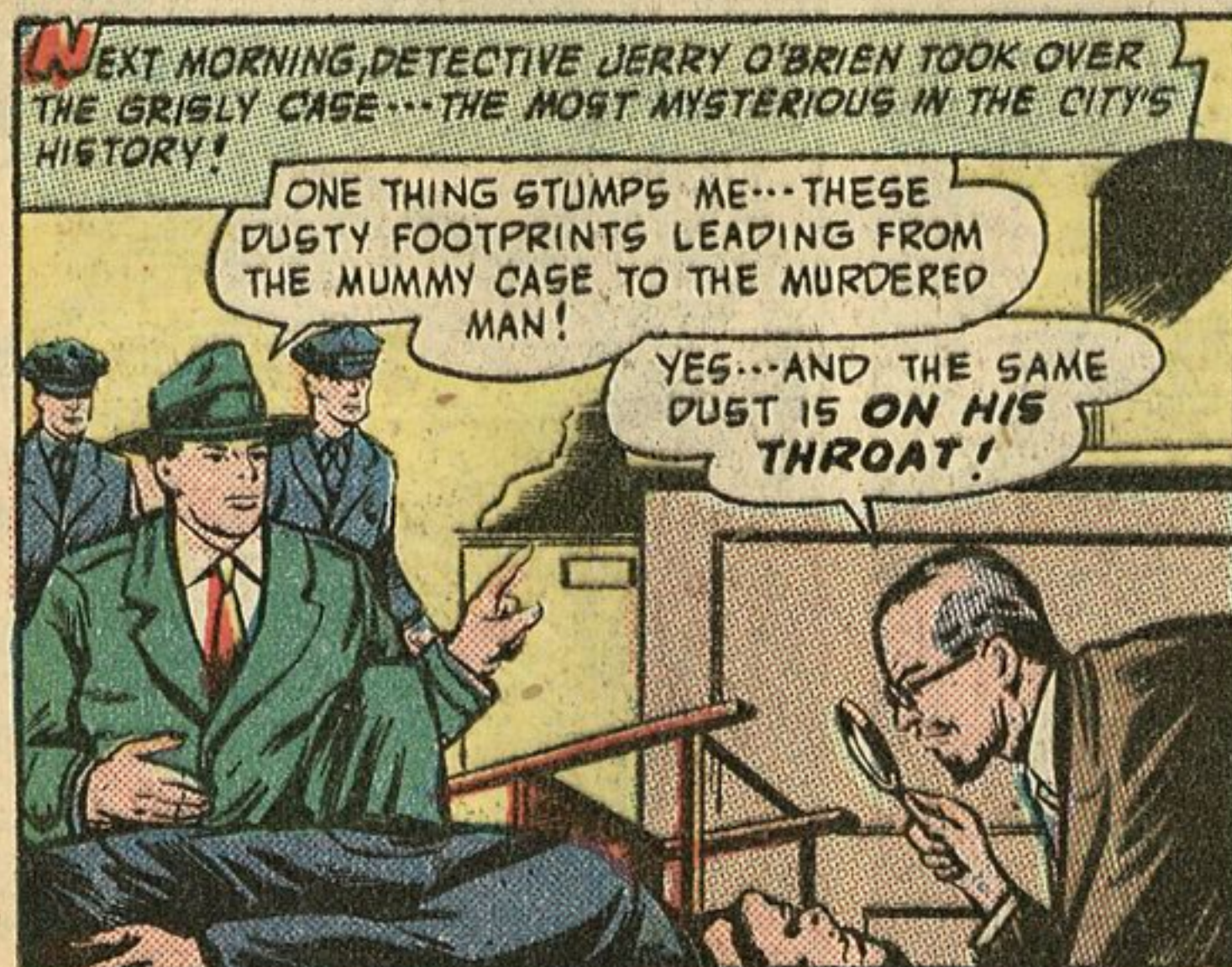
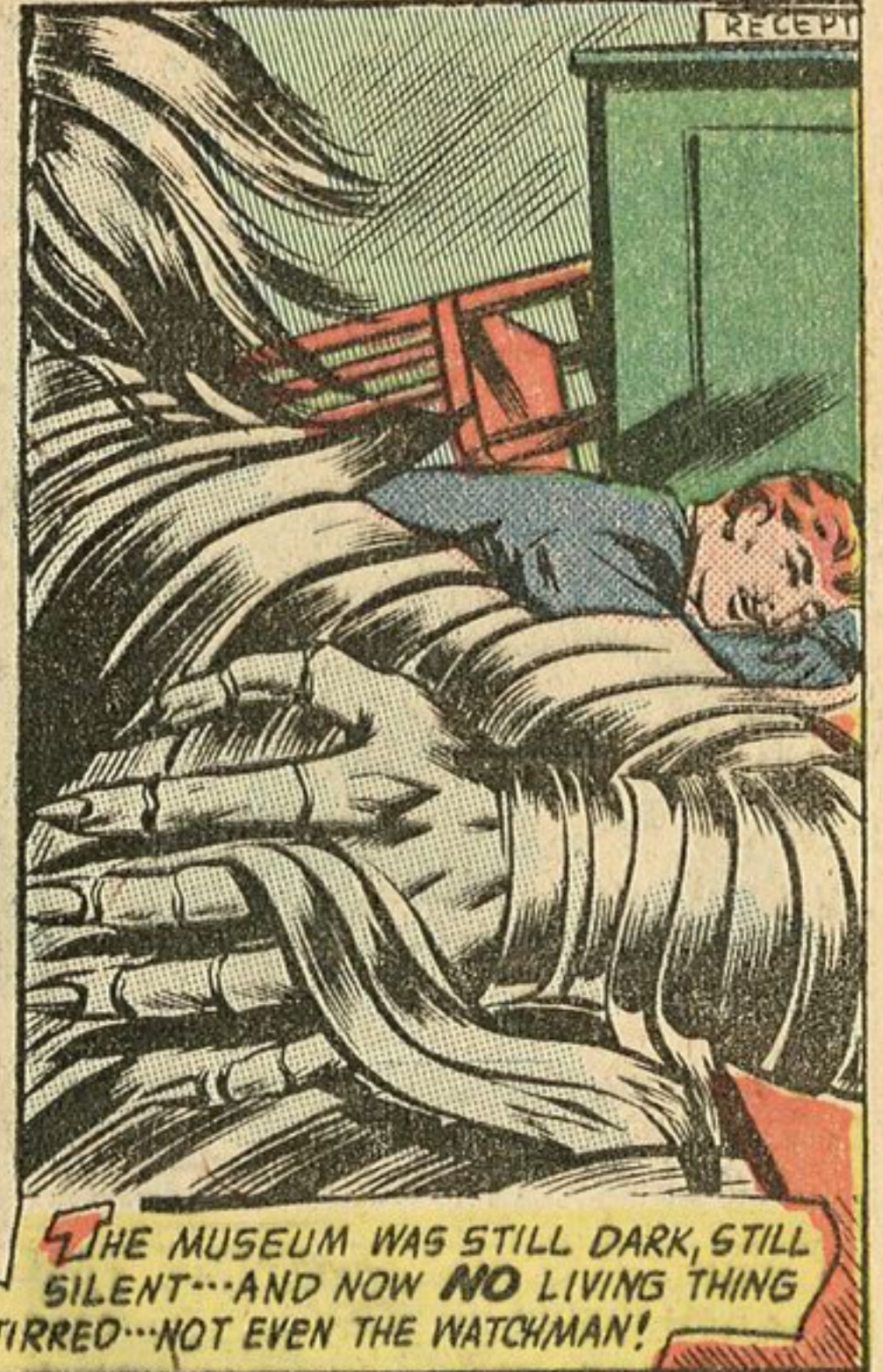
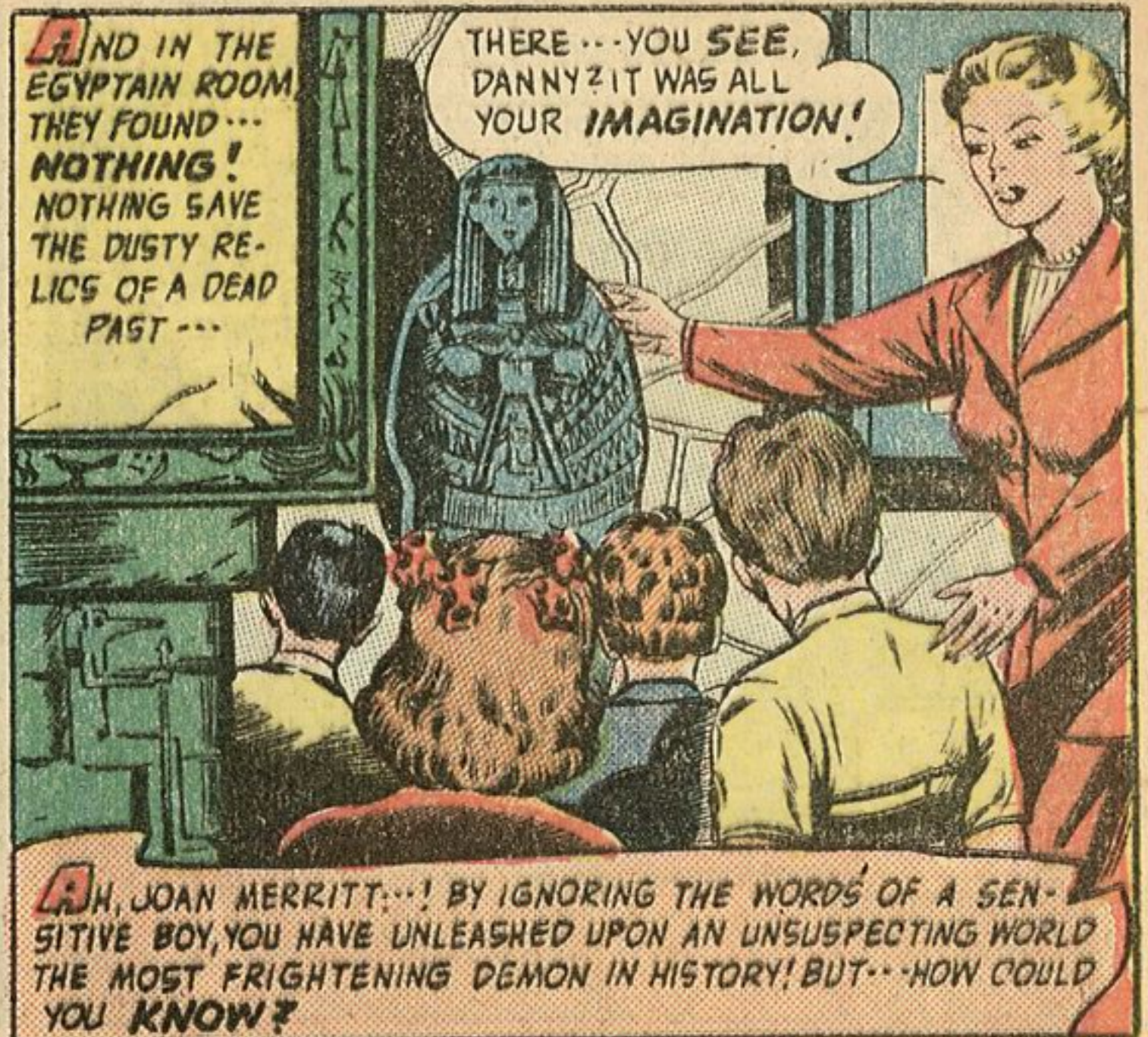
THE STIFF ARMS GROPED...THE DEAD MUSCLES RESPONDED...AND...THE MUMMY STALKED OUT OF ITS DECAYING COFFIN!



N-NO!

MISS MERRITT! HELP!





THE STRANGE DUST COULD MEAN BUT **ONE THING**...YET EVEN TOUGH JERRY O'BRIEN PALED AT THE THOUGHT!

I HAVE A TERRIFYING HUNCH! THIS **X-RAY** MACHINE MAY PROVE IT!

THIS CASE GETS SCREWIER BY THE MINUTE! BUT MY READERS WILL **LOVE** IT! WHAT'S YOUR HUNCH, DOC?

THIS! GENTLEMEN...THE X-RAY MACHINE SHOWS THAT **THE MUMMY HAS DISAPPEARED!**

HOLY COW!...WHAT A STORY!

AND SINCE WE CAN'T OPEN THE MUMMY CASE FROM THE OUTSIDE...IT MEANS THAT THE CASE WAS OPENED FROM THE **INSIDE**... BY THE **MUMMY!**

WOW! I CAN SEE THE HEADLINES NOW..."**MUMMY, DEAD FOR 3000 YEARS, MURDERS WATCHMAN...POLICE BAFFLED!**"

TED! WAIT A MINUTE!

LOOK, TED...IF YOU PRINT THIS STORY, IT WILL MAKE THE POLICE LOOK LIKE **FOOLS!**

OKAY...I'LL GIVE YOU TWENTY-FOUR HOURS TO COME UP WITH A **BETTER** STORY!

LATE THAT NIGHT! A LONELY STREET NOT FAR FROM THE MUSEUM...A HAPPY COUPLE COMING HOME FROM A PARTY...

JOHN...I...I SAW SOMETHING MOVE...THERE IN THE BUSHES!

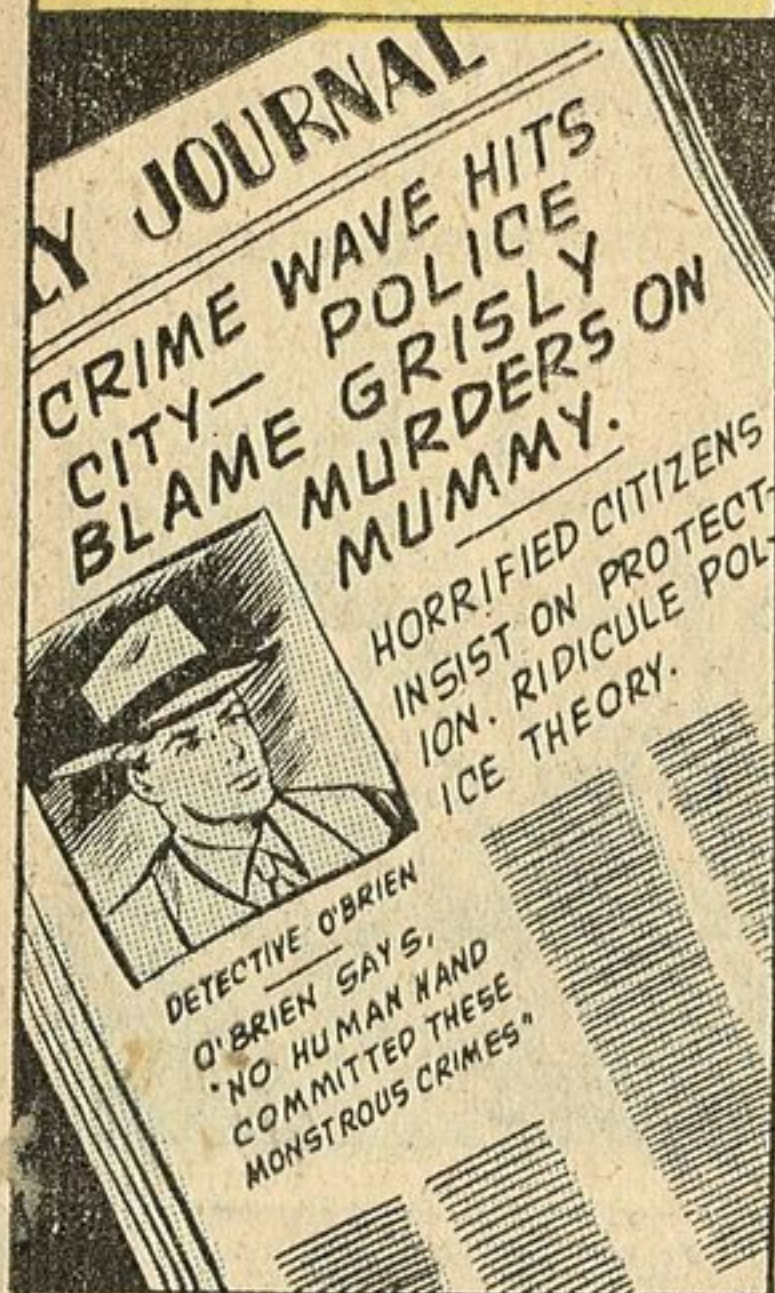
WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!

COME OUT OF THERE, YOU...**WH-WHAT!**

JOHN!...**LOOK OUT!**

HELP! **AARRGH!**

NEXT MORNING, A NAMELESS TERROR SEIZED THE CITY IN ITS MERCILESS GRIP... FOR NOW THE NEWSPAPERS COULD NO LONGER BE SILENCED...



IN THE OFFICE OF THE ANGRY POLICE COMMISSIONER...

O'BRIEN, YOU'VE MADE A LAUGHING STOCK OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT! IF THIS CASE ISN'T SOLVED BY **TOMORROW**, YOU'RE FIRED! ...AND FORGET THAT SCREWY MUMMY ANGLE!

OKAY, CHIEF... I'LL DO MY BEST!



SHORTLY AFTERWARD...

DETECTIVE O'BRIEN? I'M JOAN MERRITT, A SCHOOL-TEACHER... I HAVE SOME **IMPORTANT EVIDENCE!**

AS IF I DIDN'T HAVE **ENOUGH** TROUBLE! SHOOT, SISTER!



BREATHLESSLY, JOAN TOLD OF LITTLE DANNY'S EXPERIENCE IN THE MUSEUM! AND AS JERRY LISTENED, HE TRIED TO HIDE THE CREEPING DREAD THAT CHILLED HIM...

I... I DIDN'T BELIEVE DANNY'S STORY AT FIRST... BUT NOW... MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING TO IT, AFTER ALL!

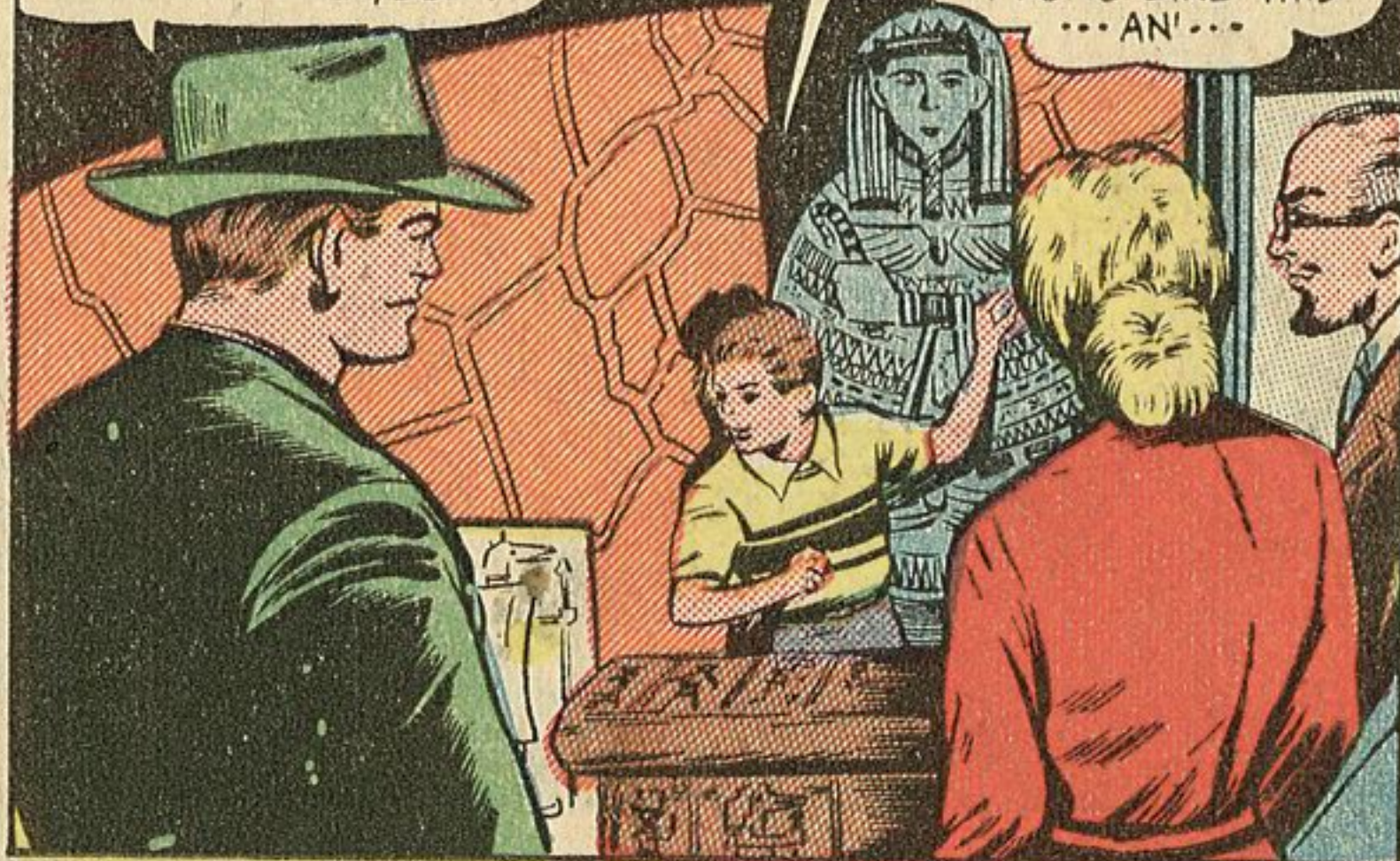
LET'S GO GET **DANNY!**



AT THE MUSEUM, DANNY RE-ENACTED HIS HEART-STOPPING ADVENTURE OF THE DAY BEFORE...

NOW SHOW ME EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED, SON!

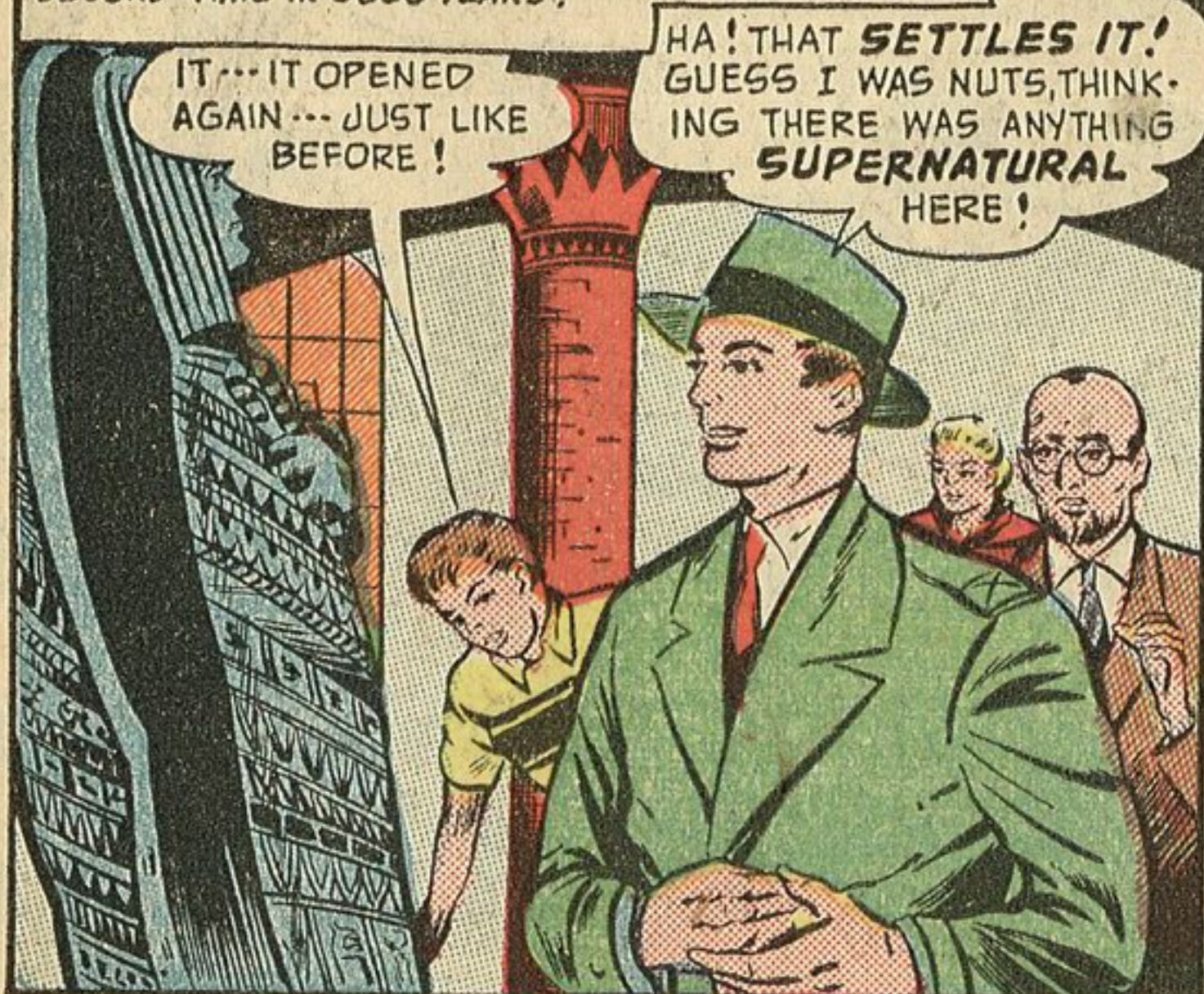
WELL, I... I PUSHED PAST THE MUMMY CASE... HOLDING IT HERE LIKE THIS... AN'...



SLOWLY, CREAKILY, THE ORNATE LID OPENED... FOR THE SECOND TIME IN 3000 YEARS!

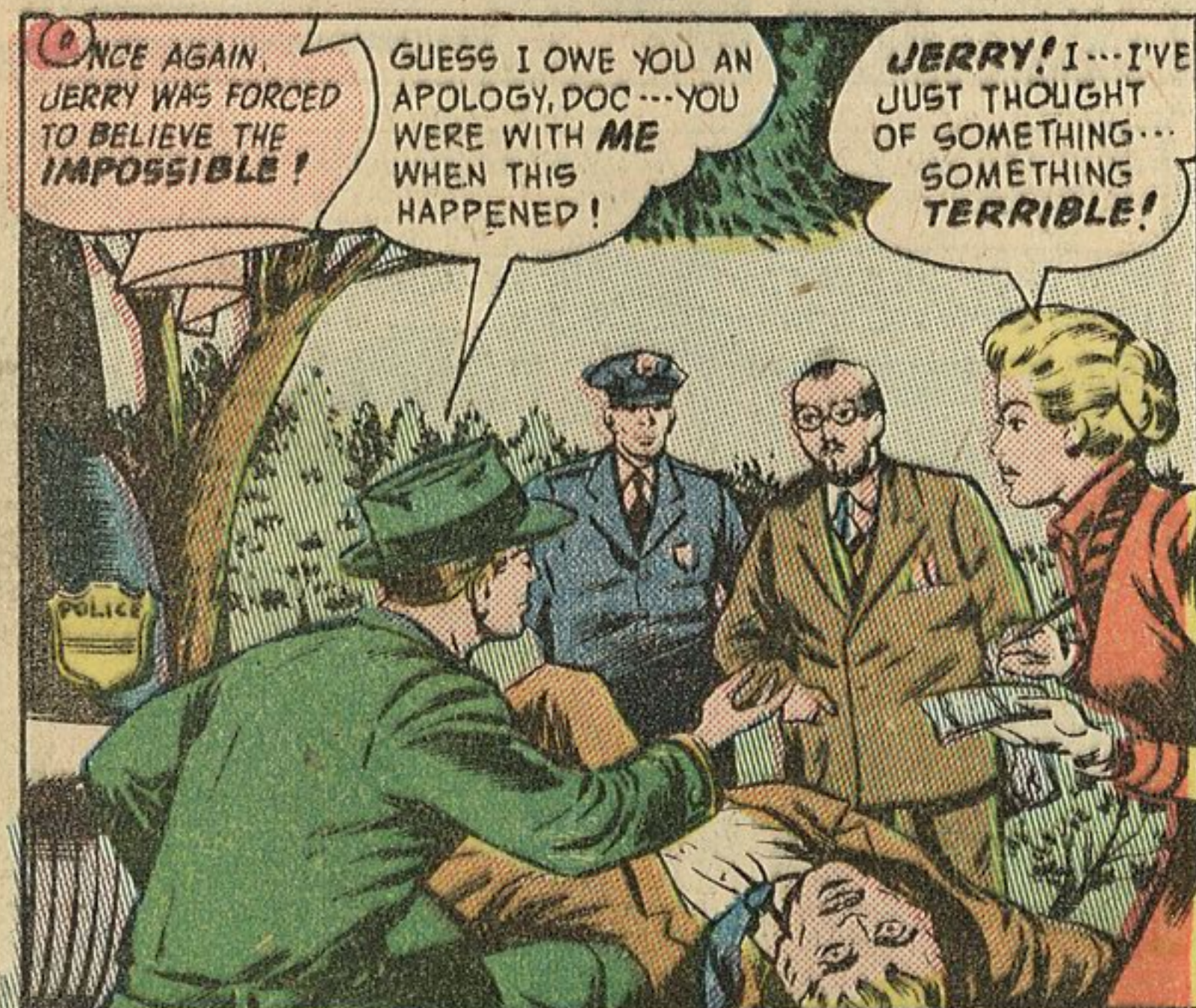
IT... IT OPENED AGAIN... JUST LIKE BEFORE!

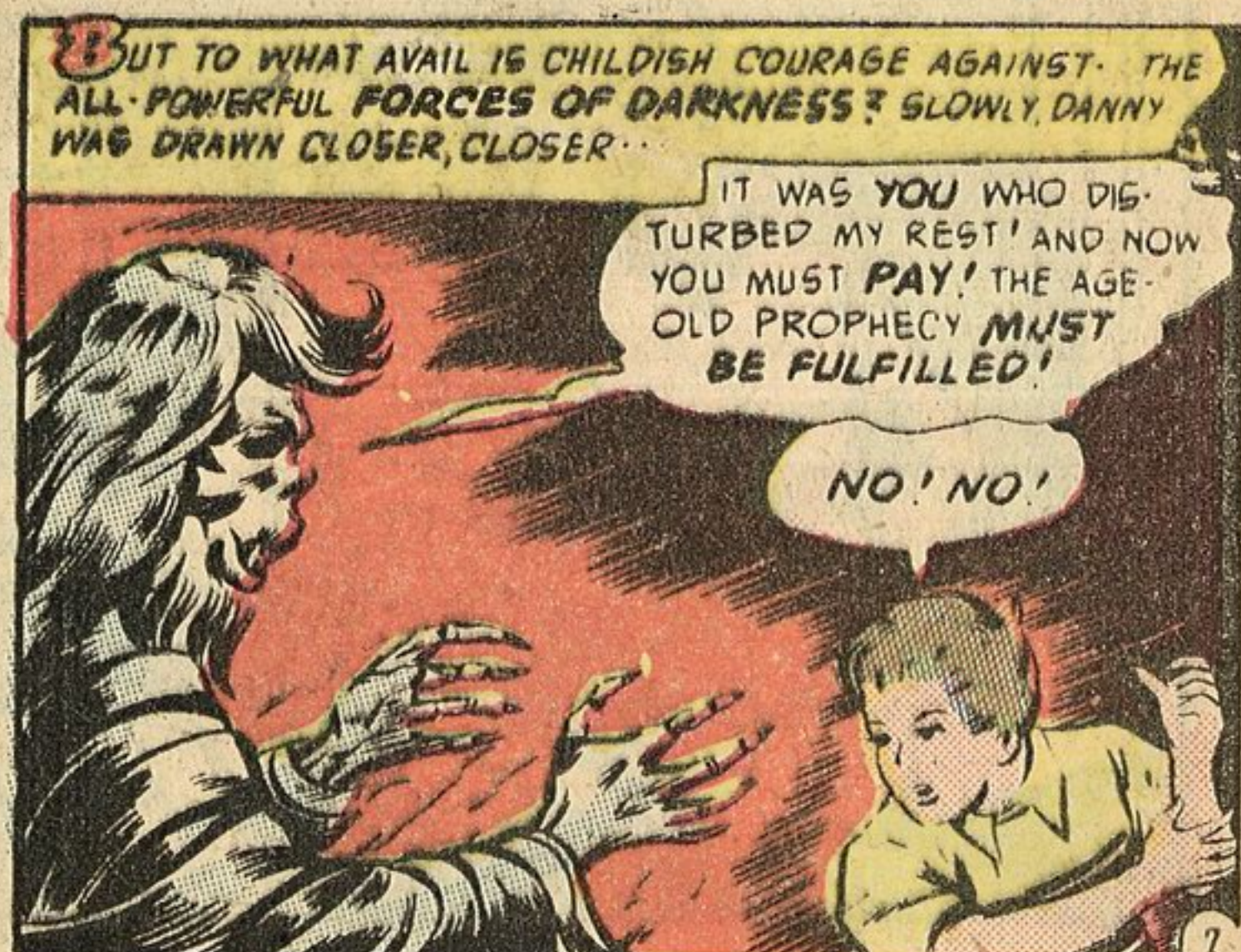
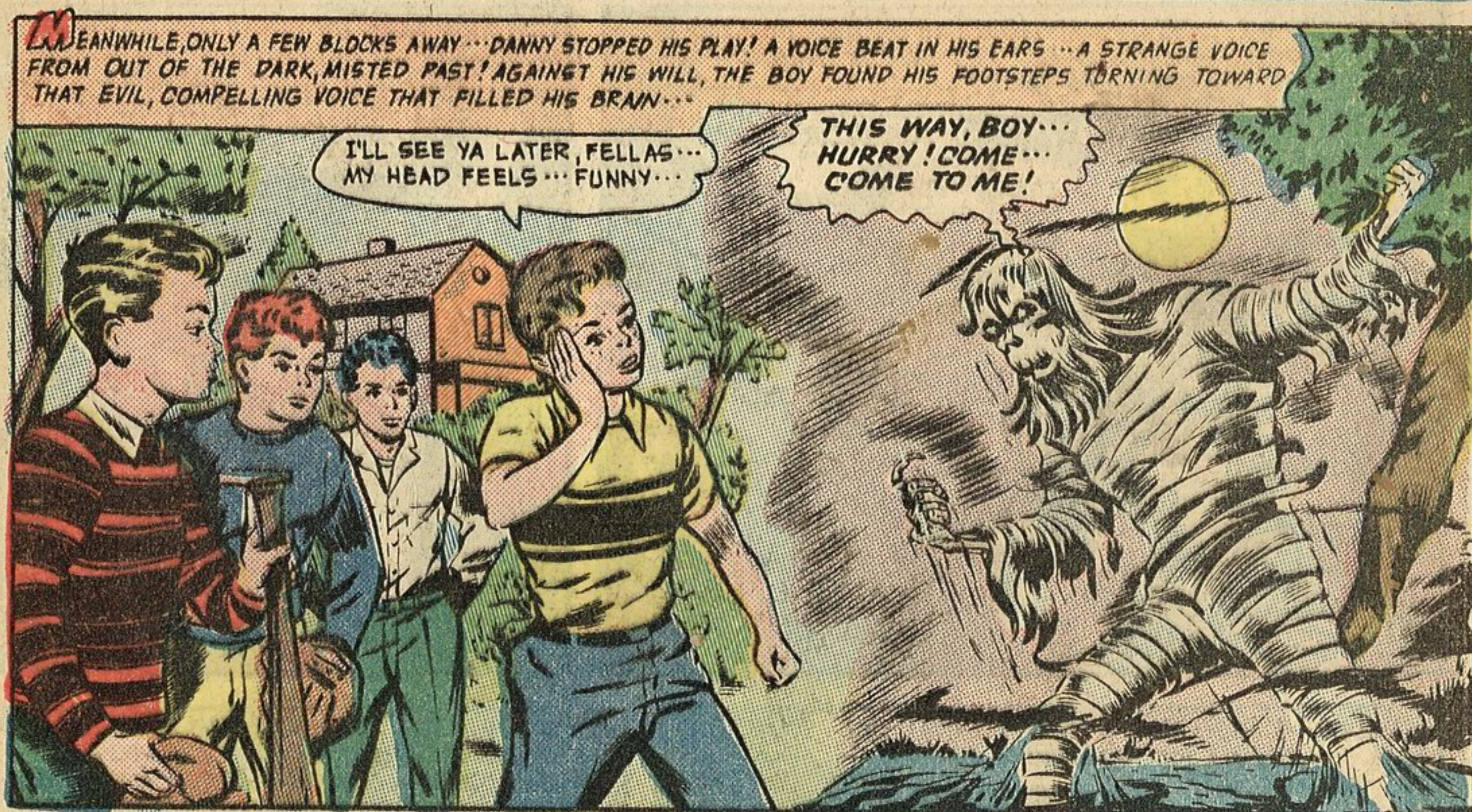
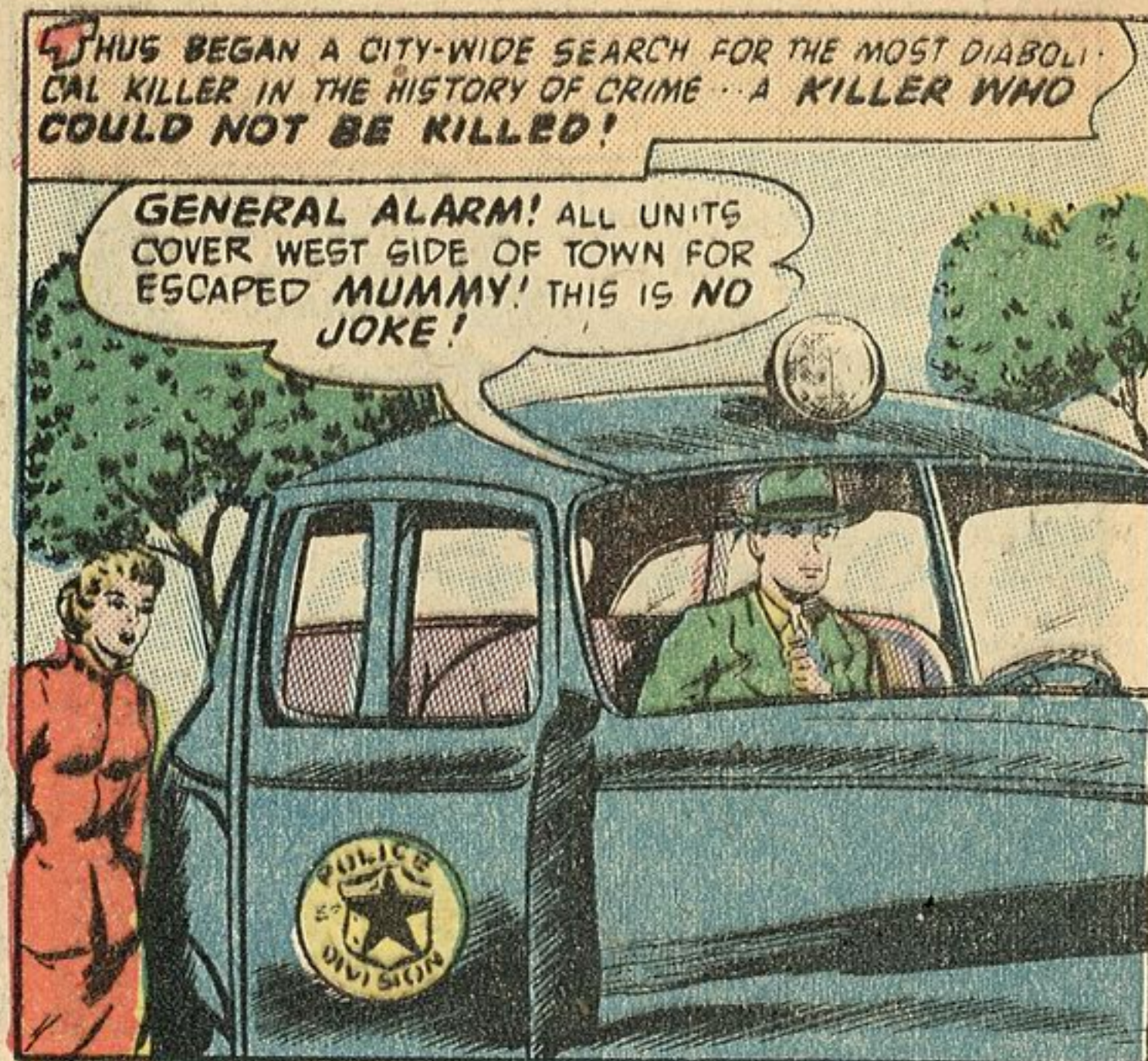
HA! THAT **SETTLES IT!** GUESS I WAS NUTS, THINKING THERE WAS ANYTHING **SUPERNATURAL** HERE!

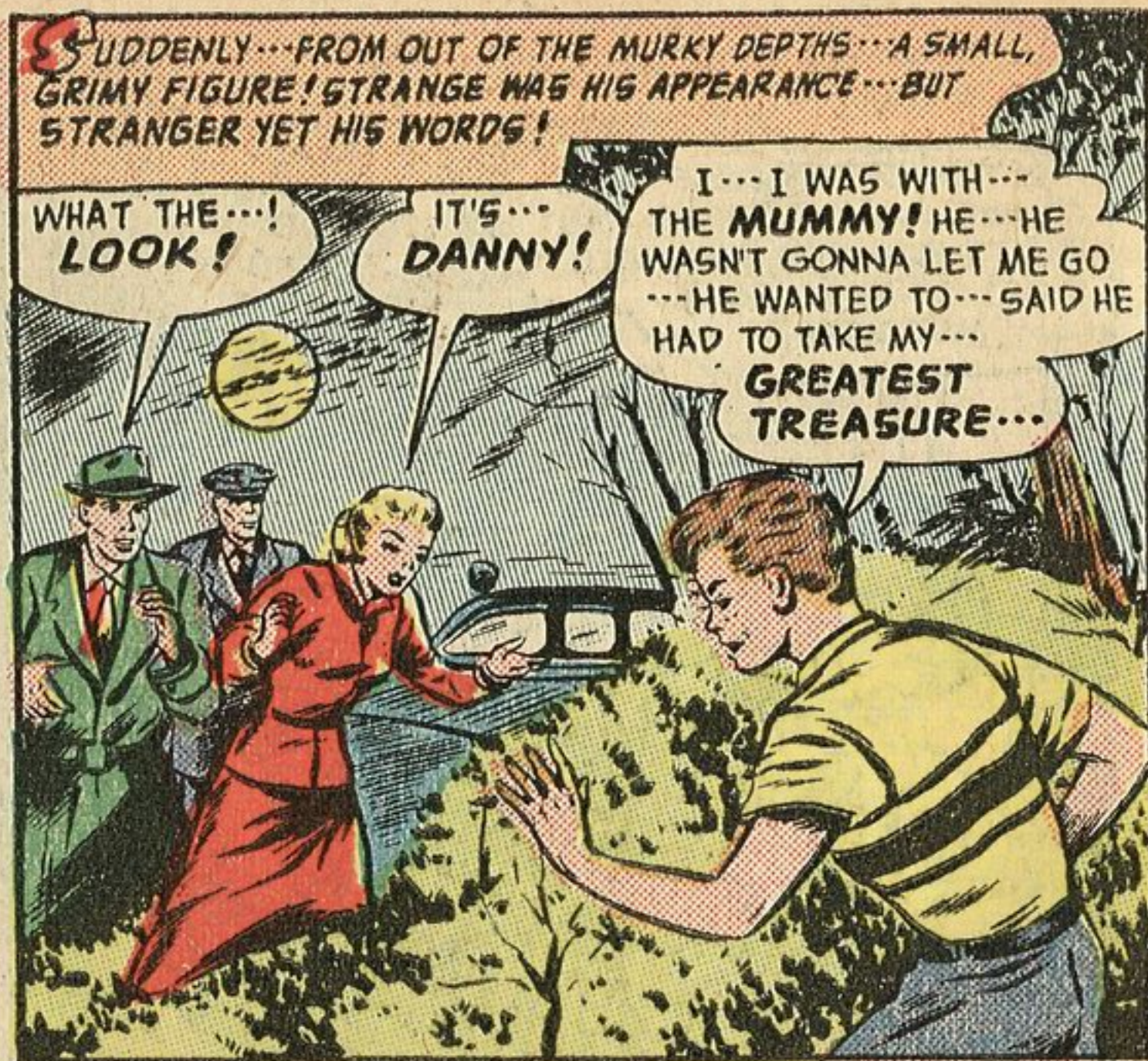
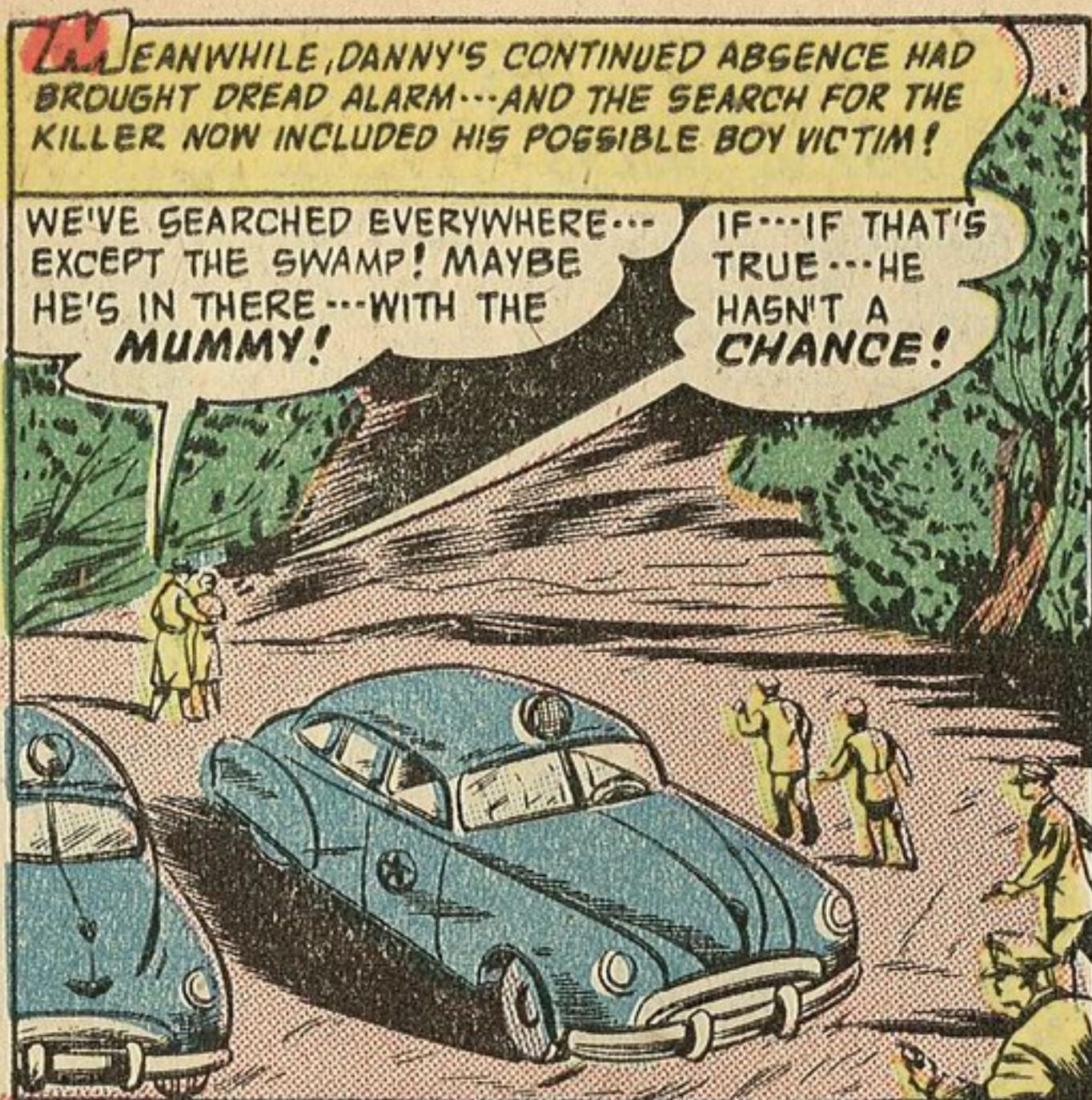


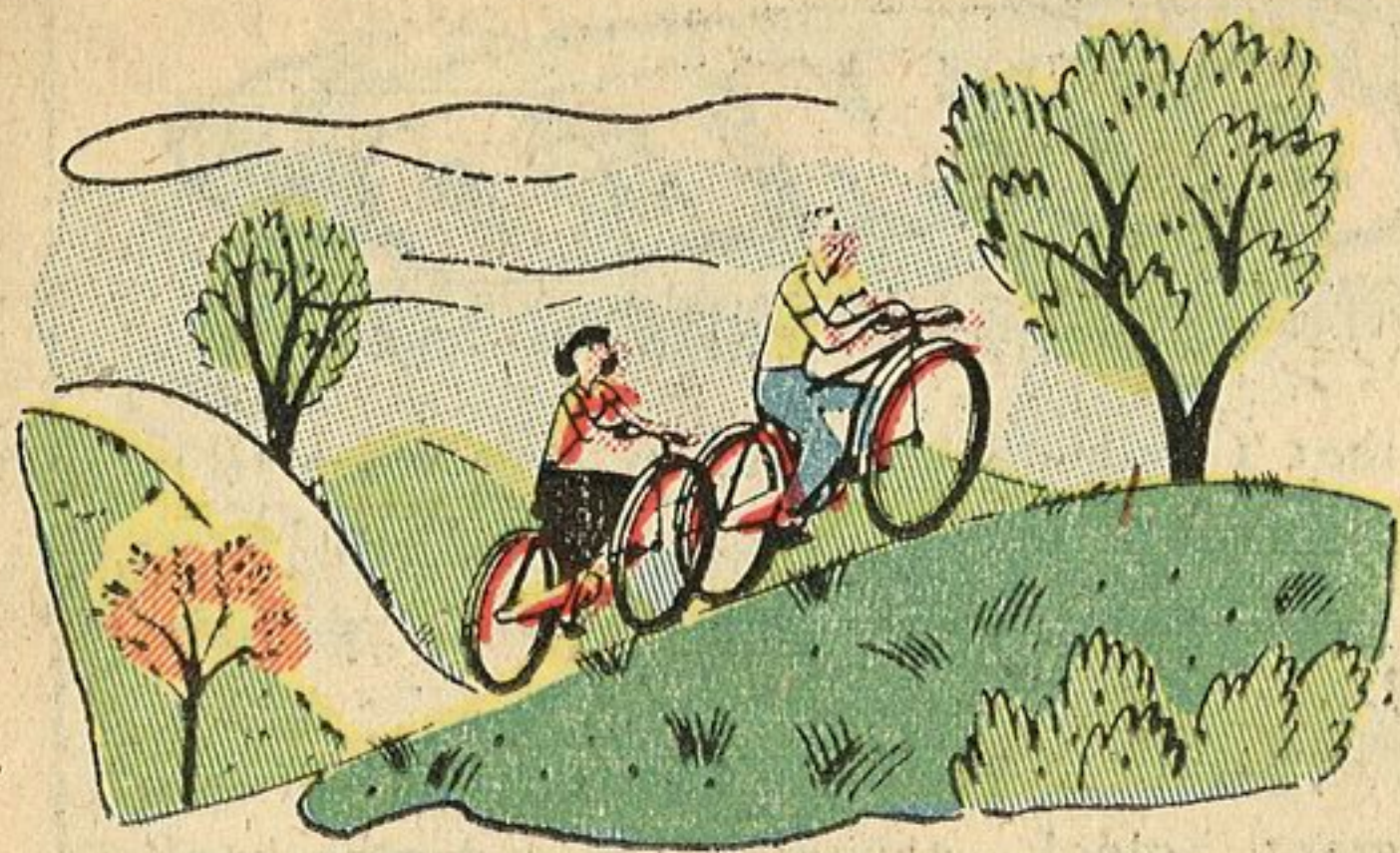
THE MUMMY **DID NOT COMMIT THE CRIMES!** IT MUST HAVE BEEN DONE BE A HUMAN BEING... A FIEND WHO FOUND OUT HOW TO OPEN THE CASE, STOLE THE MUMMY... THEN MADE IT LOOK LIKE THE **MUMMY** PERFORMED THE MURDERS!



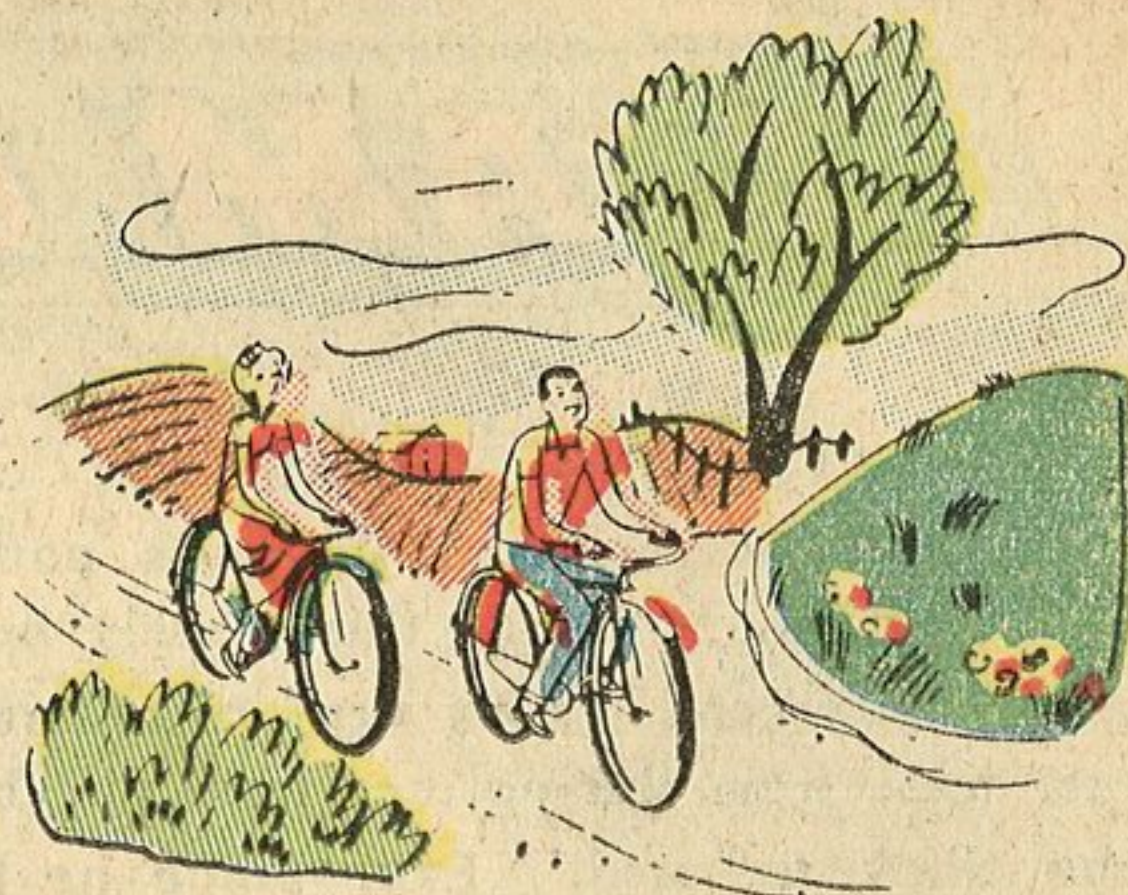






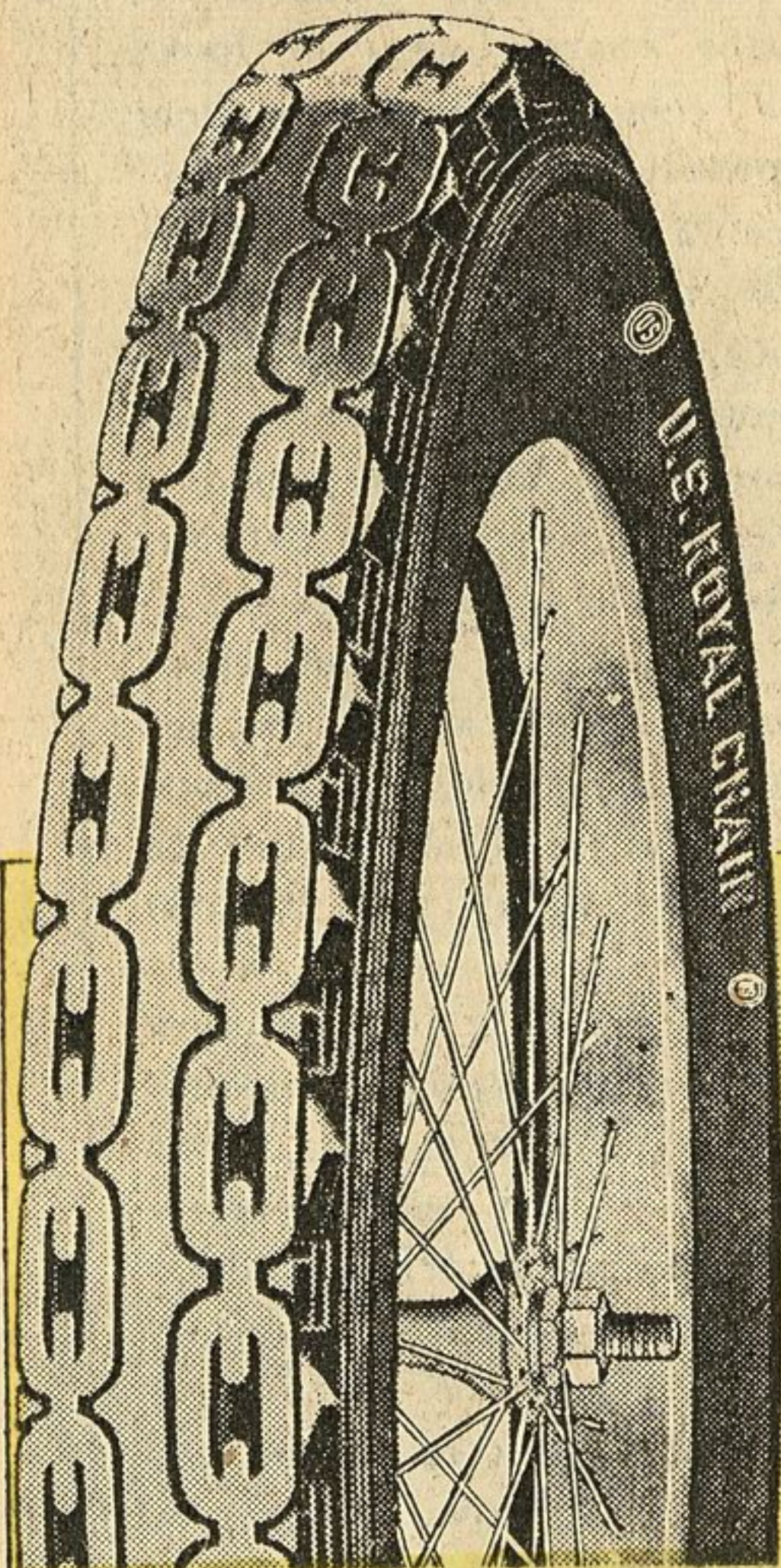


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I AM DOOMED

HIS AVENGING GHOST will come again tonight, and there is nothing I can do but wait in this lonely house to the bitter end. I am tired of running... from him, from the police, from all those who think me mad. Ever since he first visited me, soon after I watched him buried, I have been waiting for this night...this last night on earth for me. It comes almost as a relief, for he has made living an unbearable agony.

Where can I go? How can I outrace the dead? He has pursued me to the four corners of the earth. He had appeared on mountain tops, in dense jungles, on ocean liners. But I have known all along that his purpose was to drive me mad, and finally, back to this house where I murdered him three years ago.

It is almost midnight now. The house is quiet but for the patter of raindrops on the window panes. I have decided to sit right here at the desk and write in the few moments that are left to me. I want the world to know that I am *not* mad, that the ghost of the man I murdered is abroad...stalking me relentlessly.

They will find me dead in the morning, before the ashes of the fire that is now throwing strange shadows on the wall. I will be found strangled, and the police will be mystified, because all the windows and doors are barred from the inside and no man can strangle himself. Perhaps they will recall that my best friend was found murdered that way in this room three years ago, but they will never admit the obvious: that he came back to destroy me.

What was that? My heart suddenly throbbed and a clammy fear seized my throat at the unexpected sound. But it was only the shutter swinging against the window in the storm. My hand is shaking as I write and I suddenly realize

that I may not be able to bear what is to follow. Perhaps my heart will burst with fear when HE comes, perhaps I...

There! The hollow strokes of the great clock...sounding my death knoll from the darkened hall outside. Nine, ten, eleven...MIDNIGHT!

I am quite calm suddenly. Why struggle against the inevitable? There is a strange shuffling on the steps leading up to this room, like heavy sandbags being dragged across the floor. It is coming closer, getting louder. I pray I can keep my hand from shaking because I want everyone to know what this kind of terror is like...to know you are doomed. I want to describe exactly what he looks like when he comes through the door I have left purposely open.

My eyes are fixed on the top of the landing which is shrouded in gloom. I see a weird glow coming from below, a sort of eerie pale light which has always surrounded his disembodied corpse whenever he has appeared. There! I see the top of his head...now his ghastly face! It is horrible to look upon, its black sunken eyes staring at me fiercely. There is a glow of triumph there. Smile, you fiend, LAUGH! In a few moments the agony will be over for me.

He is at the door now, and his glow is radiating unearthly light all around him. He is coming closer and his hands are outstretched. I am writing faster and faster and I can't describe what it's like because my heart is pounding with fear and I feel the blood rushing from my face. I want to get up and scream and run. Escape, flee, run, anything to foil those hideous hands which are nearly at my throat now, nearly touching...ready to...

THE CLUTCHING CURSE

THERE ARE SOME COUNTRYSIDES FOR WHICH DARKNESS SHOULD BE A BARRIER... TO KEEP THE UNWARY FROM VENTURING INTO ITS MISTY SOLITUDE... AS **THESE** TWO HAVE DONE ON THIS NIGHT OF NIGHTS! EVERY SHADOW HOLDS A SECRET TERROR... AND TERROR ITSELF BODES DEATH BEFORE DAWN... IN THE HOUSE OF **THE CLUTCHING CURSE!**

HEAVENS, BOB... WHY DID YOU TURN OFF THE HIGHWAY TO TRAVEL THROUGH A GLOOMY STRETCH LIKE THIS?

GUESS IT IS PRETTY DISMAL, ENID! ALMOST GIVES THE IMPRESSION OF SOMETHING **ALIVE**... BROODING OVER THE TERROR OF THE PAST!



TERROR? YOU MEAN SOMETHING ACTUALLY **HAPPENED** HERE?

PLENTY! LONG AGO, AN INVADING ARMY OVER-RAN THIS DISTRICT... AND SLAUGHTERED DOZENS OF FLEEING CIVILIANS! THAT'S WHY I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO DRIVE ALONG THIS ROAD... TO SEE IF I COULD SENSE THE OVER-WHELMING MOOD OF TRAGEDY THAT STILL CLINGS TO IT!

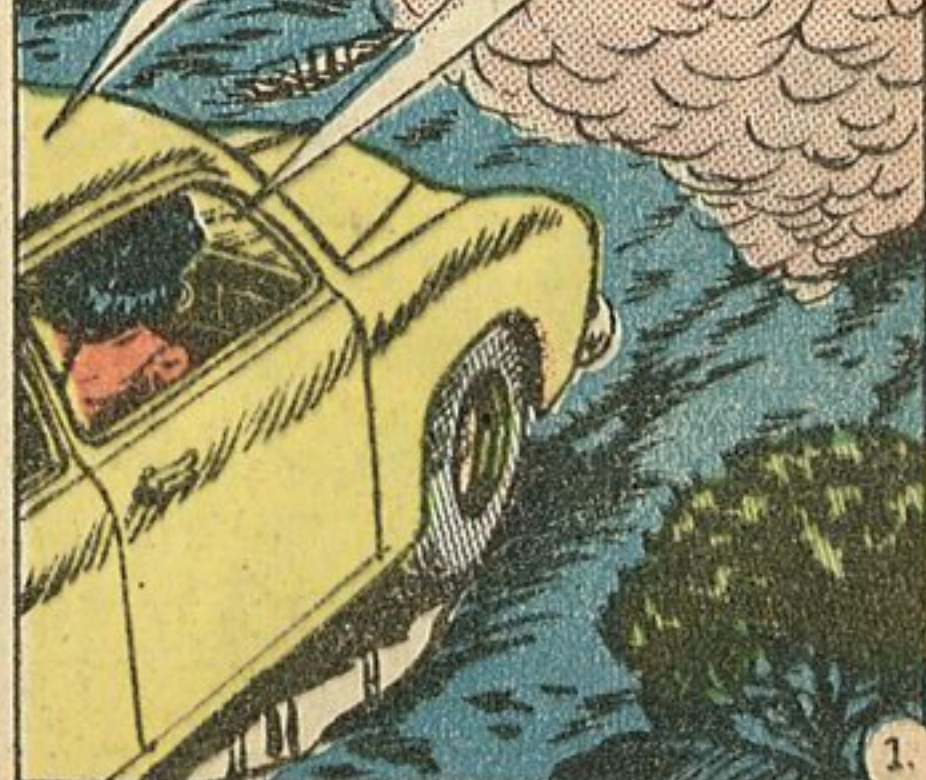
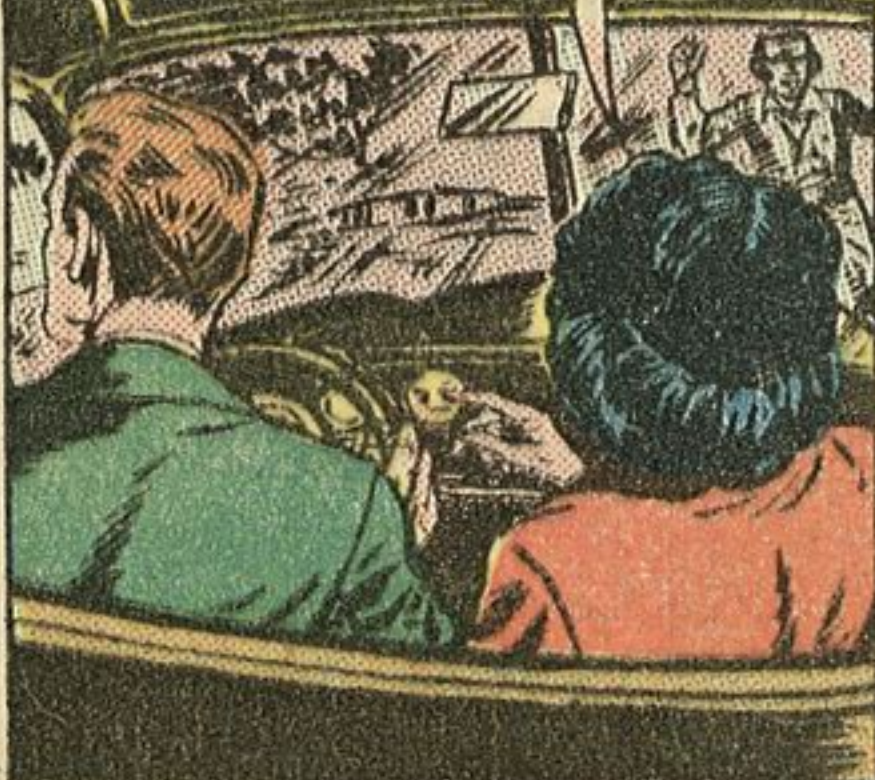
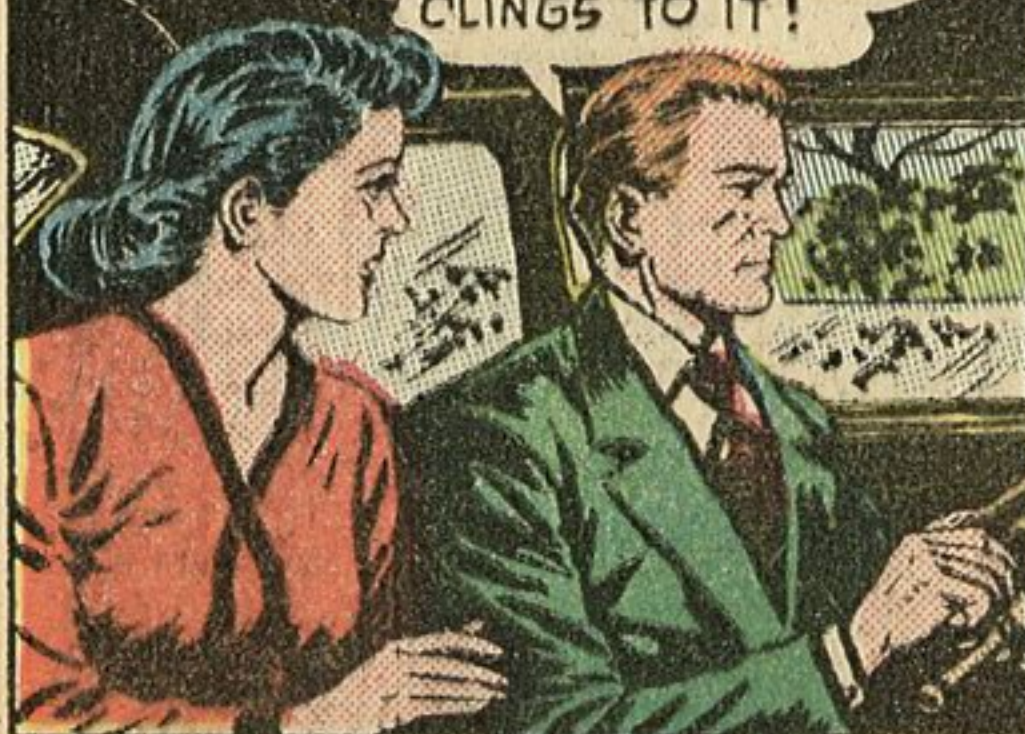
ANYWAY... IT'S **SUPPOSED** TO BE TRAGIC! BUT THE FURTHER WE GO, THE MORE I FEEL IT'S SOMETHING ELSE... LIKE AN **UNSEEN EVIL!**

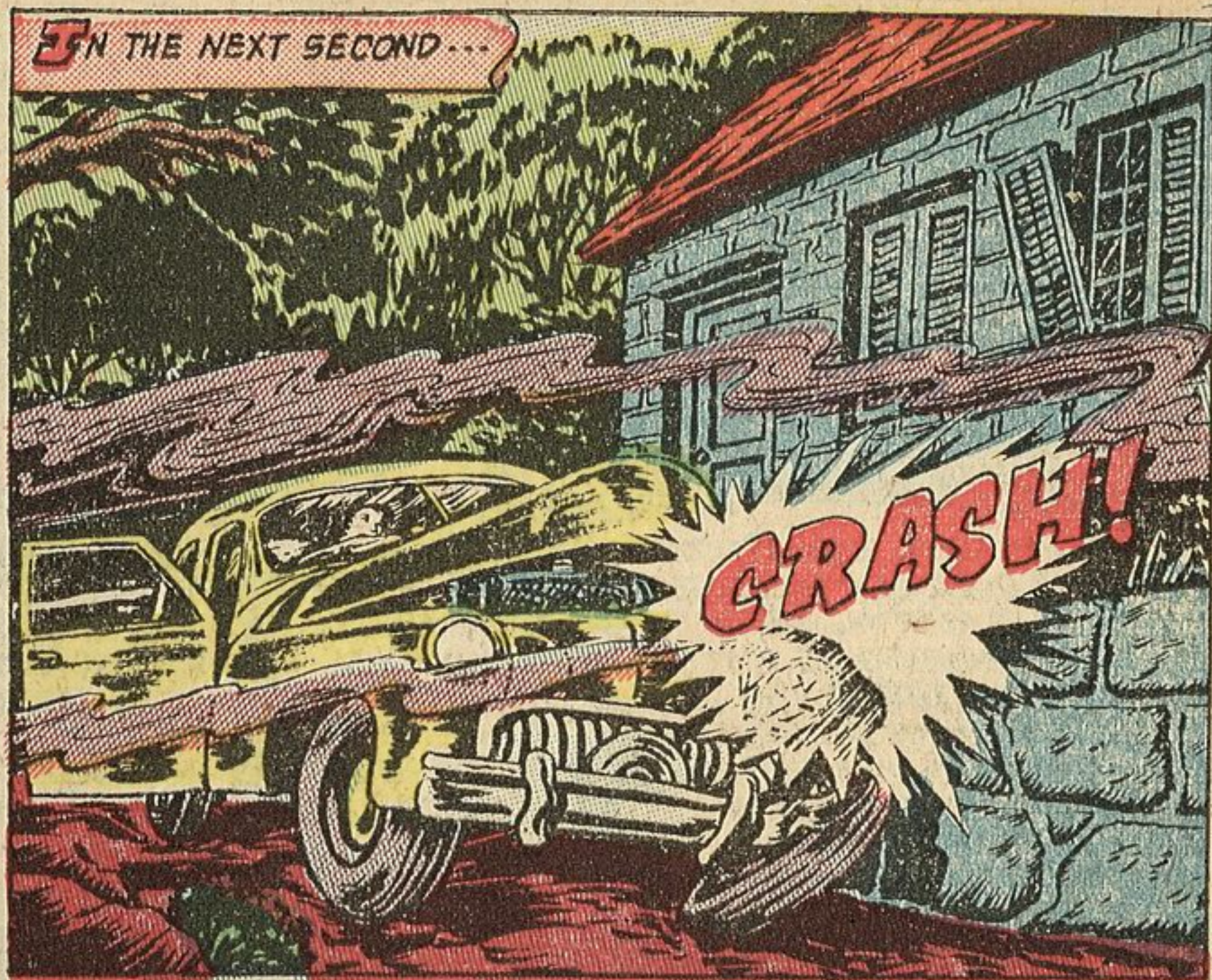
BOB! GOOD HEAVENS... WHAT'S THAT THING IN THE ROAD?

Then... AS THE GREY FORM FADES INTO A SWIRLING VAPOR...

I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING, HONEY... THERE'S A PATCH OF FOG SETTLING OVER THE ROAD!

THAT'S WHAT I SAW... A **GHOST** THAT'S CHANGING INTO A WEIRD MIST!





THEN...AS THE WEIRD LIGHT RISES STARKLY...

IT'S THE GHOST AGAIN!

I CAN SEE **NOW** THAT NO DOOR OR WINDOW WILL DO **US** ANY GOOD! WE CAN KEEP RUSHING THROUGH THE HOUSE UNTIL WE'RE READY TO DROP... **BECAUSE THE GHOST IS DETERMINED TO KEEP US IN!**

SUDDENLY...AS A WAVE OF TERROR FILLS THE ROOM LIKE A LOATHESOME BREEZE...

IT'S COMING **TOWARD** US, BOB! BUT **WHY...** WHEN WE'RE MOVING **AWAY** FROM THE WINDOW?

I CAN'T FIGURE IT! BUT I CAN FEEL SOMETHING **ELSE** STIRRING AROUND US...**POWERFUL** ENOUGH TO **MAKE THE CEILING SHUDDER!**

IN THE NEXT SECOND...

LOOK OUT! THE CANDLE-ABRUM'S FALLING!

CRASH!

NOW I'M SURE THAT **HIDEOUS** ATMOSPHERE WE DETECTED WAS A **WARNING...JUST BEFORE THE GHOST MADE A FIENDISH ATTEMPT TO KILL US!**

I **STILL** FEEL THERE'S **ANOTHER** FORCE AT WORK HERE, ENID...AND THAT THE GHOST IS AWARE OF IT! THERE IT IS AGAIN...**READY TO BAR OUR APPROACH TO THE NEAREST WINDOW!**

A MOMENT LATER...IN A ROOM MUFFLED BY HEAVY DRAPERIES...

THE GHOST ISN'T VISIBLE NOW... BUT I KNOW IT **WILL** BE...THE INSTANT WE MAKE A MOVE TO ESCAPE!

WE PROBABLY WON'T HAVE TO COPE WITH THE GHOST AS LONG AS WE KEEP CLEAR OF THE WINDOWS AND DOORS, HONEY... BUT IF THERE ARE GOING TO BE **MORE** STRANGE ACCIDENTS...WE'D BETTER DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS DARKNESS!

ONE HOUR FOLLOWS ANOTHER IN A HUSH WHERE TIME LOSES ALL MEANING...AND AS ENID STIRS...

SHE'S BEEN NAPPING PEACEFULLY, AND I HOPED SHE WOULDN'T NOTICE THE RETURN OF THAT NUMBING HORROR WE FELT BEFORE... **BUT IT'S GROWN STRONG ENOUGH TO AWAKEN HER!**

BOB... WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE LAMP? **IT'S MOVING!**

THEN, UP AND DOWN...BACK AND FORTH...LIKE SOMETHING CARRIED BY AN UNSEEN WALKER...

BOB... WE'RE GOING TO BE LEFT IN DARKNESS!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT! I MAY BE RESIGNED TO STAYING IN THIS CREEPY DEN...BUT I'M NOT GOING TO LET A HAUNT PAD OFF WITH OUR LIGHTS!



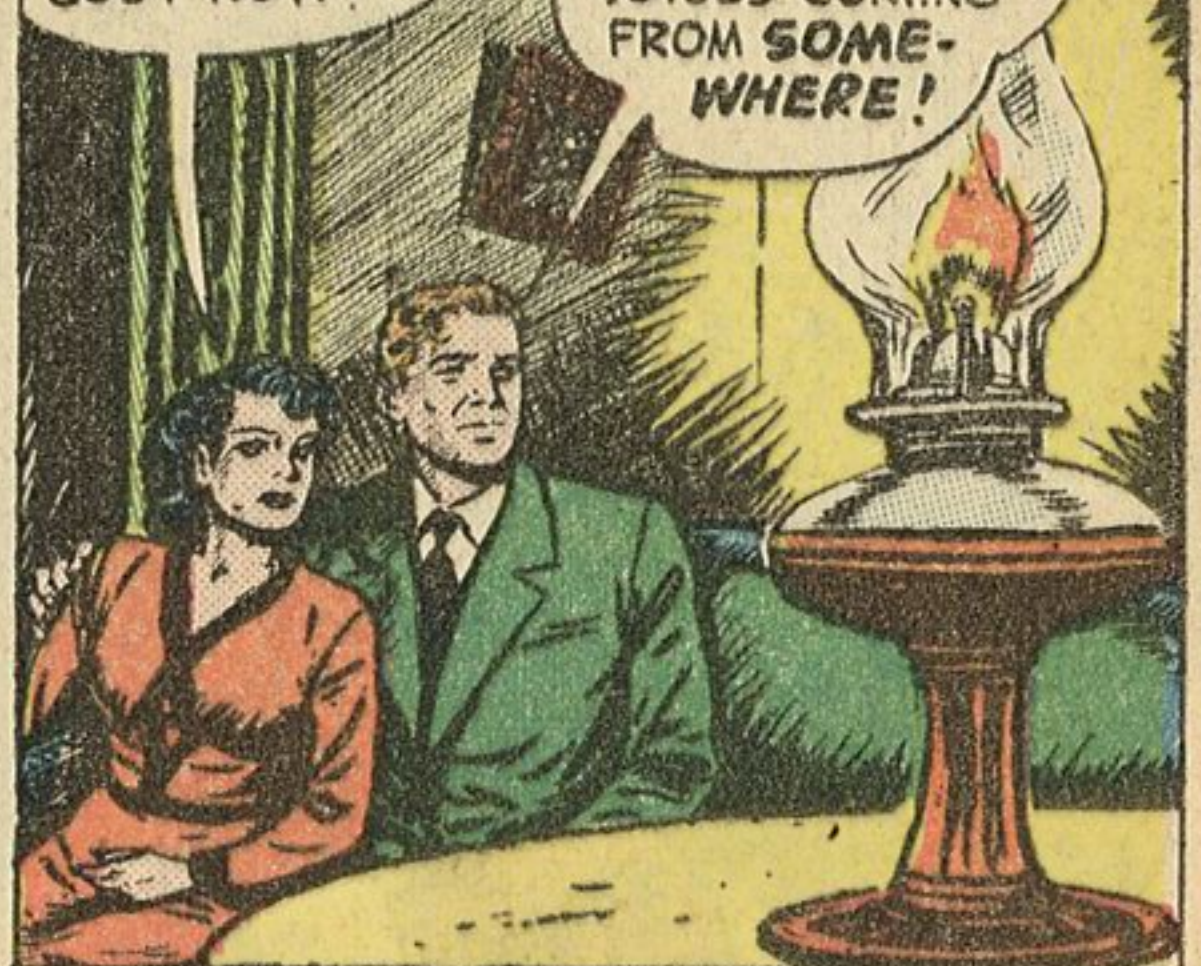
I'M SURE OF **ONE** THING, ENID...THE GHOST **ISN'T** TRYING TO DO US HARM! THE EVIL FORCE IS TRYING TO **DRIVE US AWAY**... AND WITH THE GHOST TRYING TO PREVENT JUST THAT...IT MUST BE **OPPOSED** TO THE NAMELESS MENACE! WE CAN'T GET OUT ANYWAY, SO WE MIGHT AS WELL STEADY OUR NERVES AND TRY TO UNRAVEL THE ANSWER... BECAUSE SOMETHING'S **BOUND** TO EXPLAIN THE DREAD THAT LURKS WITHIN THESE WALLS!



AGAIN, TIME TIPTOES THROUGH THE BROODING HUSH...AND WITH THE LAMPLIGHT SCANNING THE DARKNESS LIKE A WATCHFUL EYE...

BOB...DID YOU WHISPER SOMETHING JUST NOW?

IT WASN'T ME... BUT I CAN HEAR THE DRONE OF VOICES COMING FROM **SOMEWHERE!**



THEN...SOUNDING HOLLOW AS FOOTFALLS IN A TOMB...

THE CLUTCHING CURSE CAN BE DEFIED IF YOU RISK THE TERROR IN WHICH HE DIED!

HEAR **THAT?** IT'S THE ANSWER TO THE DREAD THAT'S BLIGHTING THIS PLACE, ENID... **THE CLUTCHING CURSE!**



THE VOICES SEEM TO BE COMING FROM BELOW...SO LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH AND LEARN WHAT THEY MEAN!

BOB...I DON'T THINK THE GHOST WANTS US TO DO **THAT**, EITHER!



MAYBE NOT... BUT **THIS** TIME WE'RE GETTING PAST IT!

WAIT! IT'S MOTIONING... JUST AS IF IT'S SUMMONING SOMETHING FROM THE DARKNESS!



AS IF A GLOWING BLACK OOZE HAD BEEN CONJURED FROM THE SHADOWS...

YE GODS...WHAT IS IT?



LIKE A CREEPING FILM...ENFOLDING WHAT IT TOUCHES IN A SLUGGISH GRIP...

IT'S **CLUTCHING** US...LIKE SOMETHING ALIVE!

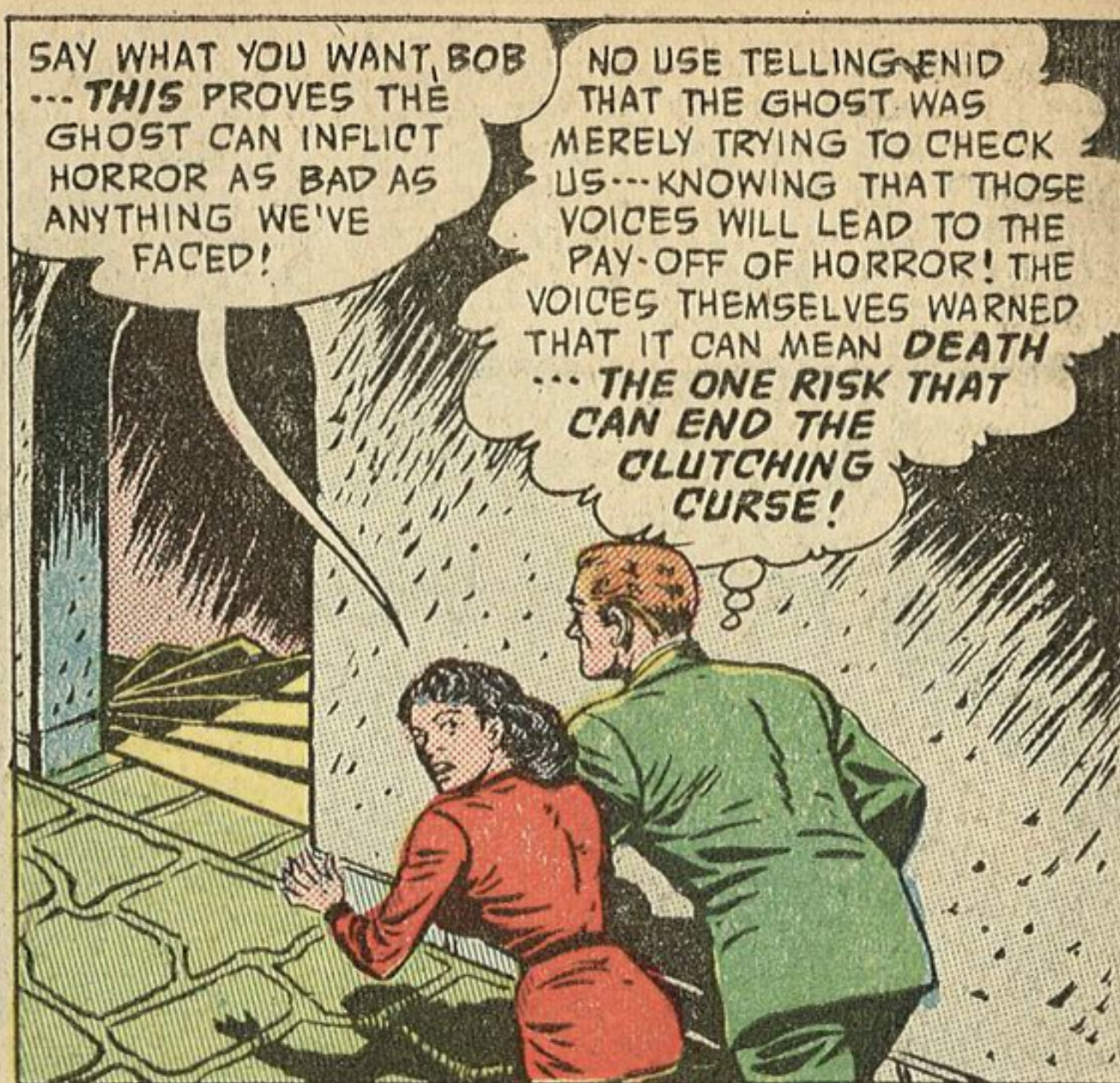
IT'S **HIDEOUS!** BOB, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE...GET US FREE BEFORE WE'RE ENGULFED!





WITH A DESPERATE EFFORT...

QUICK...GET CLEAR
BEFORE IT CRAWLS
OVER US AGAIN!



SAY WHAT YOU WANT, BOB
...THIS PROVES THE
GHOST CAN INFLICT
HORROR AS BAD AS
ANYTHING WE'VE
FACED!

NO USE TELLING ENID
THAT THE GHOST WAS
MERELY TRYING TO CHECK
US...KNOWING THAT THOSE
VOICES WILL LEAD TO THE
PAY-OFF OF HORROR! THE
VOICES THEMSELVES WARNED
THAT IT CAN MEAN **DEATH**
...THE ONE RISK THAT
CAN END THE
CLUTCHING
CURSE!



BOB...WHAT'S
THAT SPLITCH
OF EERIE LIGHT?

IT'S JUST
THE GHOST
...READY TO
TAKE SHAPE
IN ANOTHER
ATTEMPT TO
STOP US!
COME ON!



THEN...

DO WE **HAVE** TO
SNOOP AROUND
HERE? THERE'S
NOTHING MORE
TERRIFYING THAN
AN EMPTY ROOM
---HOLDING NOTH-
ING BUT DARK-
NESS!

THE THING WE'RE
AFTER CAN'T BE
SEEN, HONEY...
BUT IT'S HERE...
**AND WE'VE GOT
TO FIND IT!**



AS BOB AND ENID INCH
FORWARD...

I DON'T KNOW
ABOUT **YOU**...
BUT I FEEL A
STRANGE,
QUIVERING
SENSATION!

GREAT GUNS
---IT'S NOT
MERELY A
SENSATION!
**LOOK AT
THE FLOOR!**



GOOD HEAVENS...
IT'S SLIDING BACK!
BOB...IF WE EVER
LOSE OUR BALANCE...

EASY! GRAB MY
ARM...AND TRY
NOT TO GET
DIZZY!



BELOW...HEAPED IN MUTE HORROR...

BOB...LOOK!
THOSE ARE
BODIES!

REMEMBER WHAT THOSE VOICES
SAID? THEY'RE THE MOLDERING
REMAINS OF **OTHER** PEOPLE WHO
PASSED A NIGHT IN THIS HOUSE...
ONLY TO DIE **HERE**...IN A
FUTILE ATTEMPT TO BREAK
THE CLUTCHING CURSE!



AS THE DARKNESS DEEPENS...

BOB...WHAT'LL WE DO? I'M AFRAID TO MOVE!

WE NEVER FELT THE ATMOSPHERE OF EVIL THIS STRONGLY! LORD KNOWS WHAT IT IS... BUT IT'S CLOSING IN AROUND US!



SLOWLY, THE FEARFUL PRESENCE MOUNTS IN A NOXIOUS WAVE OF FEAR...AND BLINDLY...TOTTERING AT THE BRINK OF HORROR...

WE'VE GOT TO FIGHT IT OFF, ENID! DON'T LET IT MASTER YOU... HOLD ON!

I CAN'T... I'M GOING TO FALL!



OHH!

IT'S NO USE, BOB! THE CLUTCHING CURSE WON'T LET UP UNTIL WE'RE DEAD... OUR BODIES SPRAWLED OUT DOWN THERE WITH THE OTHERS!

NO...WE'RE NOT GOING TO GIVE IN! THIS SOGGY, ENGULFING THING IS MAKING ITS LAST GRISLY ATTEMPT TO KILL US... BUT WE'RE GOING TO LICK IT!



HOW? HOW LONG CAN WE ENDURE DREAD LIKE THIS... COILING AROUND US LIKE AN UNSEEN OCTOPUS?

I DON'T KNOW... BUT BIT BY BIT, I FEEL Surer OF MY SENSE OF BALANCE... AND CERTAIN WE'LL GET ACROSS SAFELY!



SUDDENLY...BEYOND THE POINT WHERE THE PLANK RECEDES INTO DARKNESS...

BOB...THERE'S THE GHOST AGAIN!

DON'T GET JITTERY! IT'S ALWAYS APPEARED FOR A REASON...AND THIS TIME IT'S READY TO GUIDE US ACROSS THE PIT OF HORROR!



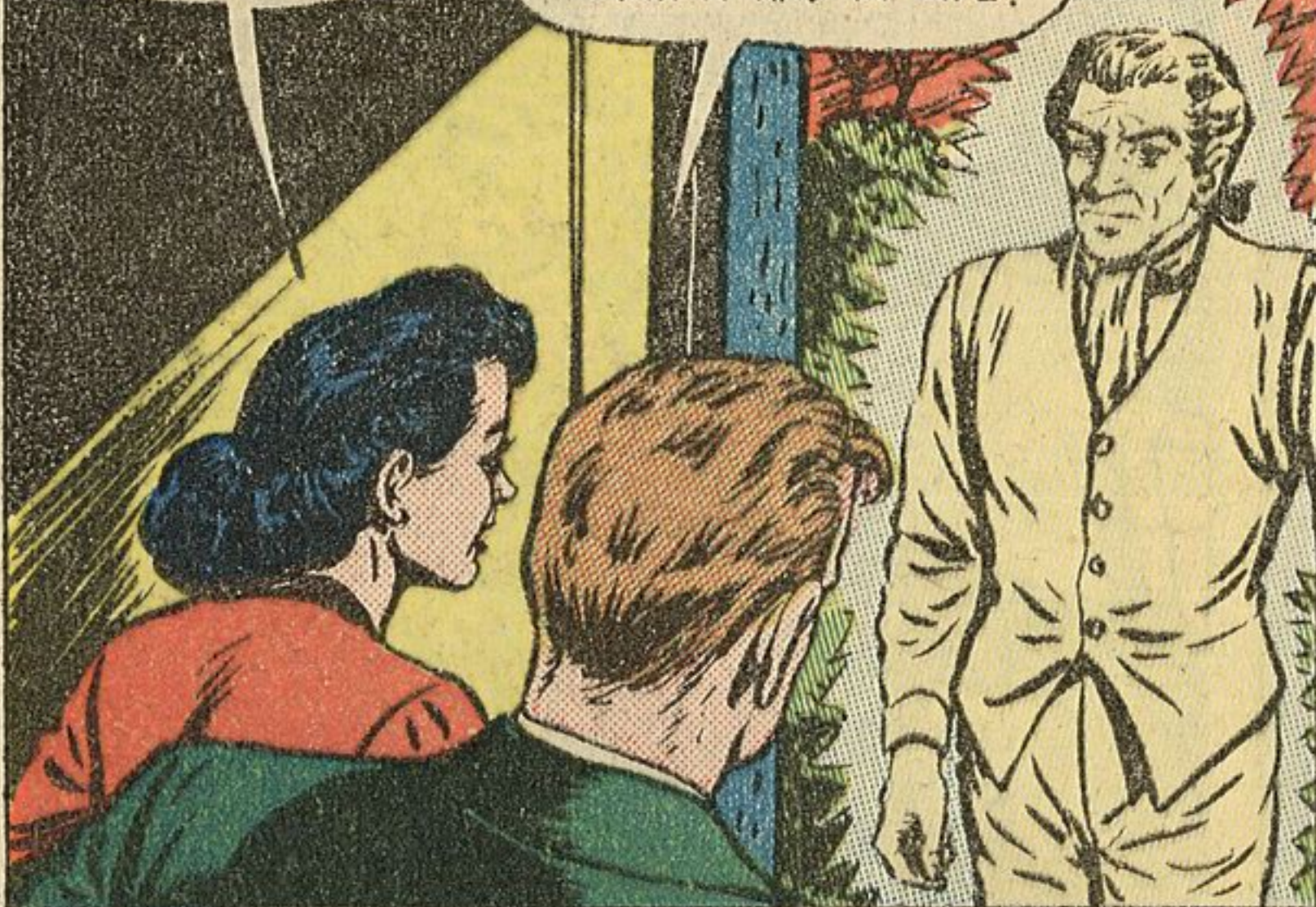
THAT'S IT, HONEY... JUST KEEP MOVING WITHOUT LOOKING DOWN! A FEW MORE YARDS...AND WE'RE SAFE!

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO THE GHOST? IT'S CHANGING, BOB... SPREADING OUT INTO A DULL GLOW!

AS THE GHOST FADES...A FIGURE STANDS IN A DOORWAY THAT FRAMES THE FIRST PALE STREAKS OF DAWN!

GOOD HEAVENS...WHO IS IT?

IT'S STILL THE GHOST, ENID... BUT NOW IT'S TAKING ON THE FORM IT HAD IN LIFE!



YOU'RE ABLE TO SPEAK NOW...IS THIS WHAT WAS NEEDED TO END THE CLUTCHING CURSE...TO HAVE HUMANS WITHSTAND THE TERROR OF THIS PLACE...UNTIL DAWN?

YES...AND YOU HAVE SUCCEEDED! YEARS AGO, I TURNED HUMANS AWAY FROM THIS HOUSE...AND BY THAT ACT WAS DOOMED TO WAIT UNTIL ETERNITY, IF NEED BE, FOR MORTALS WHO COULD ESCAPE THE CLUTCHING CURSE FOR A SINGLE NIGHT!



IT WAS DURING THE INVASION...WHEN HELPLESS CIVILIANS FLED BEFORE THE BLOODTHIRSTY TROOPS! THESE MASSIVE WALLS WERE THEIR ONLY REFUGE...BUT WHY SHOULD I HAVE GIVEN THEM SHELTER...I, THE VERY TRAITOR WHO STOOD TO GAIN FROM THE INVASION? I WATCHED THEM DIE...REVILING ME IN THEIR LAST GASP...TELLING ME THAT MY SPIRIT WOULD WATCH MANY OTHERS DIE WITHIN THE WALLS I BARRED TO THEM...

BEFORE THE CLUTCHING CURSE RAN ITS COURSE!



BUT NOW MY SPIRIT IS FREE! NOW THE BODIES OF THOSE WHO DIED DURING COUNTLESS HIDEOUS NIGHTS WILL RISE...AND DESTROY THE CLUTCHING CURSE!

BETTER STEEL YOURSELF, ENID! I CAN HEAR THINGS MOVING...DOWN IN THE PIT!



THE CHARNEL DEPTHS STIR WITH A WAVE OF GLOWING MOTION...AND A SCORE OF LIFELESS HANDS REACH UP INTO THE GLOOM...TOWARD THE UNSEEN THING THAT IS THERE!

THESE HANDS SHALL SEEK... THESE HANDS SHALL REND! THE CLUTCHING CURSE HAS REACHED ITS END!



DARKNESS HAS NO FORM...EVIL HAS NO SHAPE...BUT THE CLUTCHING CURSE THAT HAD LURKED IN BOTH FINDS A VOICE IN THAT FINAL MOMENT...HOWLING IN THE AGONY OF ITS UNSEEN DOOM!

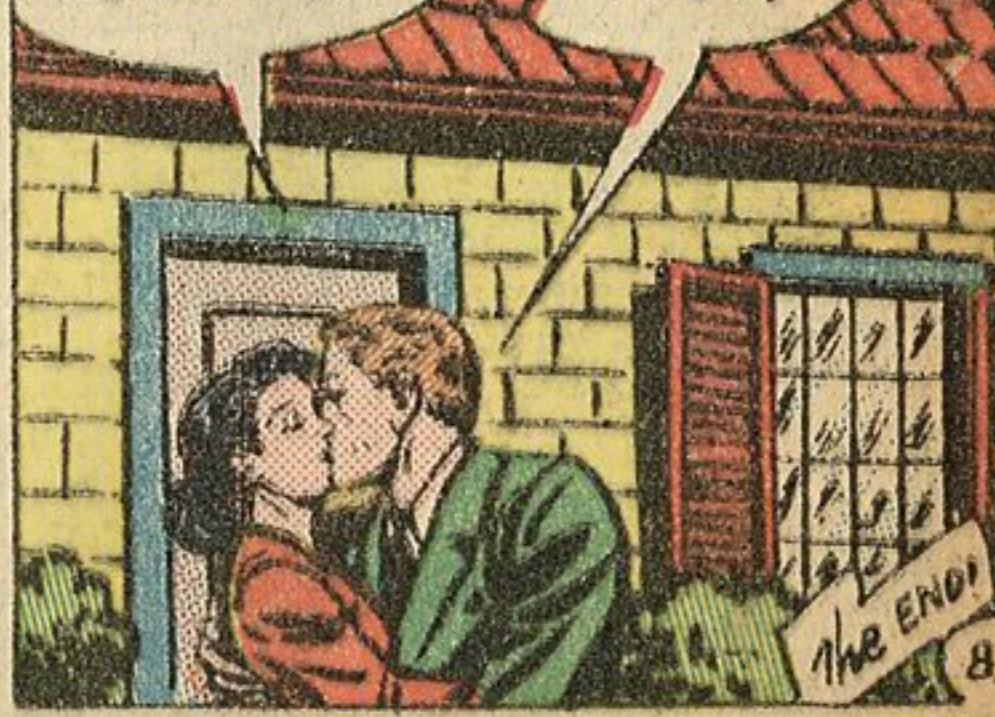
AAAGH!



LATER...IN THE REDEEMING LIGHT OF THE EARLY SUN...

IT WAS A HORRIBLE NIGHT, DARLING... BUT I'M GLAD IT HAPPENED, IN A WAY! NOW THIS PLACE IS JUST AN ORDINARY OLD HOUSE... NO GHOST... NO CURSE!

YEP... AND **EMPTY, TOO!** WITH THE REAL ESTATE SITUATION WHAT IT IS, HONEY...MAYBE YOU AND I HAD BETTER FIND A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE **FAST!**



THE END!



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From **YOUR EDITOR** - to **YOU!**

HELLO, READERS! GLAD to meet up with you again in this issue of "Forbidden Worlds"...and to have the opportunity of talking things over with our favorite fans!

Make no mistake about it...you *are* our favorite fans! Not only have you given us the loyal and enthusiastic support which is evidenced by a tremendous growth in the readership of this magazine, but you've gone all out in helping us make it a publication whose popularity has spread from coast to coast. In reality, it's gone beyond that...for "Forbidden Worlds" is now found in every quarter of the globe where English is spoken and understood.

How have you helped us? Simply by keeping us informed as to how you react to the stories we publish. Constantly, you've told us which stories you liked...which you didn't like...what you wish to see in future issues. And out of all this has emerged a strong editorial policy which is paying off in terms of a truly great magazine of the supernatural...the kind you want...the kind you're getting!

The American Comics Group, of which this publication is a leading unit, is com-

posed of many books, with readership soaring high into the millions. It's interesting to observe, in the face of such numbers, that our supernatural fans are by far the most vocal, and have cooperated with us every step of the way through their valued correspondence. We feel that this constitutes a tribute to their alertness and intelligence. It's helped us to frame great issues in the past...and this present one, we believe, ranks high. "The Mummy's Treasure" is tense, pulse-stirring...one of the weirdest and most imaginative stories to have come our way in many months. "The Clutching Curse" is the spell-binding account of an unseen evil which oozed from the shadows...and spread terror! Then, there's "The Wax Demons", a spine-tingling yarn of the evil dead, restored to life by the hand of Satan himself. And finally, "The Man Who Knew All", the tragic and thrilling tale of a man who foretold his own doom!

We hope you'll like this issue...but please, let us know! Address your letter to The Editor, "Forbidden Worlds", 45 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y. Meanwhile...here's what some of our other readers think!

"Dear Editor:-

I just finished reading the last issue of 'Forbidden Worlds' for the fourth time...and each time. I enjoyed it more! Your stories are truly excellent. I especially enjoyed 'The Ghoul's Return'. I'm going to make it a point never to miss one of your wonderful issues!

--Sarah Kelly, Forest, Miss."

"Dear Editor:-

I haven't missed a single issue of 'Forbidden Worlds', and never will. I've also read every other supernatural magazine, but find yours by far the best. Keep up the good work!

--Tommy Lowry, Beaumont, Texas."

"Dear Editor:-

I've read 'Forbidden Worlds', and love it! It's far better than any of our British comics. I enjoyed such really great stories as 'Land of The Living Dead' and find all of your plots fascinating. Thanks for some keen reading!

--Pearl Spence, Belfast, North Ireland."

THEY SAY THE SPIRITS OF THE DEAD NEVER DIE-- THAT THEY STILL EXIST-- SOMEWHERE! WHAT IF THE DEPRAVED SPIRITS OF HISTORY'S MAD LEADERS COULD FIND NEW BODIES-- BODIES THAT NO LIVING MAN COULD DESTROY? HOW WOULD HUMANITY COPE WITH THIS MENACE? READ, IF YOU DARE, HOW THREE PEOPLE FOUGHT TO SAVE THE WORLD FROM...

The WAX DEMONS

I' ALMOST DESTROYED CIVILIZATION ONCE, AND THIS TIME-- I WILL NOT FAIL! FOR NOW-- I AM INDESTRUCTIBLE!

GREAT SCOTT! THESE BULLETS-- GO RIGHT THROUGH HIM!



AT A CITY AMUSEMENT PARK ...

STEP RIGHT UP FOLKS-- SEE THE FAMOUS MEN OF HISTORY AS THEY LOOKED IN REAL LIFE!

NOT ONE CUSTOMER TODAY! DAD'LL BE HEARTBROKEN!

PROF. SHERMAN'S
WAX
MUSEUM

TICKETS
25¢

MEANWHILE, INSIDE, AMONG THE EERIE WAXEN IMAGES OF GOOD AND EVIL MEN FROM OUT THE AGES ...

AH-- IF ONLY YOU GOOD MEN COULD LIVE AGAIN-- TO RULE MANKIND IN YOUR WISDOM! I-- I'D GIVE ANYTHING!



SUDDENLY, A BLINDING FLASH, A PALL OF SULPHUROUS SMOKE, AND...



GOOD HEAVENS! THAT IMAGE OF SATAN-- IT'S MOVING-- SPEAKING!

OF COURSE -- I ALWAYS ANSWER SUCH PLEAS AS YOURS! PERHAPS-- WE CAN DO BUSINESS!

FROM TIME IMMEMORIAL, I HAVE RECEIVED MANKIND'S WICKED SOULS -- BUT ONCE IN A WHILE I HAVE A CHANCE TO CAPTURE A GOOD ONE! IN EXCHANGE FOR YOURS-- I'LL BRING YOUR WAXEN IMAGES-- BACK TO LIFE!



WHAT DOES MY LIFE MATTER, IF SUCH MEN AS LINCOLN AND JEFFERSON COULD LIVE AGAIN-- TO BRING THE WORLD SALVATION?



ALL... ALL RIGHT! I'LL DO IT!

GOOD! BUT FIRST THIS CONTRACT MUST BE SIGNED-- IN BLOOD!

WITNESSED ONLY BY THE SIGHTLESS EYES OF THE LIFELESS IMAGES, THE DREADFUL PACT WAS SIGNED! THEN...

INSTANTLY, ANOTHER FLASH OF ALIEN FLAME -- AND SATAN DISAPPEARED...

YOU HAVE YOUR INSTRUCTIONS -- CARRY THEM OUT, AT MIDNIGHT! THEN WILL YOUR WAXEN STATUES LIVE -- BUT FOR ONLY ONE MONTH! AFTER THAT, I WILL RETURN -- TO COLLECT YOUR SOUL!



DAD, I THOUGHT I HEARD-- OHHH!

B-BUT I COULD HAVE SWORN THE STATUE OF SATAN WAS OVER HERE, WALKING, TALKING TO YOU!



IT'S YOUR IMAGINATION, FRAN! SEE, THERE'S ONLY THIS PUFF OF SMOKE WHERE I WAS BURNING SOMETHING!



SHE MUSTN'T KNOW-- WOULDN'T LET ME SACRIFICE MYSELF FOR SOCIETY!



LOOK, SATAN'S STATUE IS STILL IN PLACE-- QUITE LIFELESS! YOUR NERVES MUST BE FRAYED!

I... I GUESS SO! MAYBE I'D BETTER SEE LEN!



LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF DR. LEN CLARK...

MAYBE I AM OVER-TIRED, BUT FRANKLY-- I THINK I'M LOSING MY MIND!

NONSENSE, FRAN-- BUT TELL ME THE WHOLE STORY, FROM THE BEGINNING!



AFTER THE INCREDIBLE TALE WAS TOLD...

HONESTLY, FRAN-- I THINK YOUR NERVES ARE SHOT! AFTER ALL, WALKING STATUES, TALKING DEVILS ---

WAIT! THE DEVIL SAID THE STATUES WOULD COME TO LIFE AT MIDNIGHT! LET'S BE THERE!



WELL, OKAY-- I'LL HUMOR YOU! BUT AFTERWARDS, WHEN NOTHING HAPPENS, YOU'LL GO ON A LONG VACATION-- AGREED?

AGREED! BUT I HAVE A TERRIFYING PREMONITION THAT SOMETHING WILL HAPPEN-- SOMETHING DREADFUL!



MIDNIGHT! A PALL OF GLOOM SEEMED TO HANG OVER THE DARKENED MUSEUM! MEANWHILE, HIDDEN FROM VIEW, LEN AND FRAN WATCHED INTENTLY...

SHH! IT'S FATHER! HE'S BURNING SOMETHING!

SMELLS LIKE SULPHUR!

O SPIRITS OF THE DEAD-- MAKE THESE WAXEN BODIES ALIVE! BY THE POWERS OF DARKNESS, I COMMAND THEE!



LEN-- LOOK!

WHAT THE..! WE CAN'T BOTH BE MAD!



THEN, STIRRING WITH THE GHASTLY BREATH OF LIVING EVIL...

WE HAVE HEARD THE COMMAND OF THE UNHOLY POWERS! WE OBEY-- WE LIVE!

NO! NO! THIS IS NOT WHAT I WANTED!



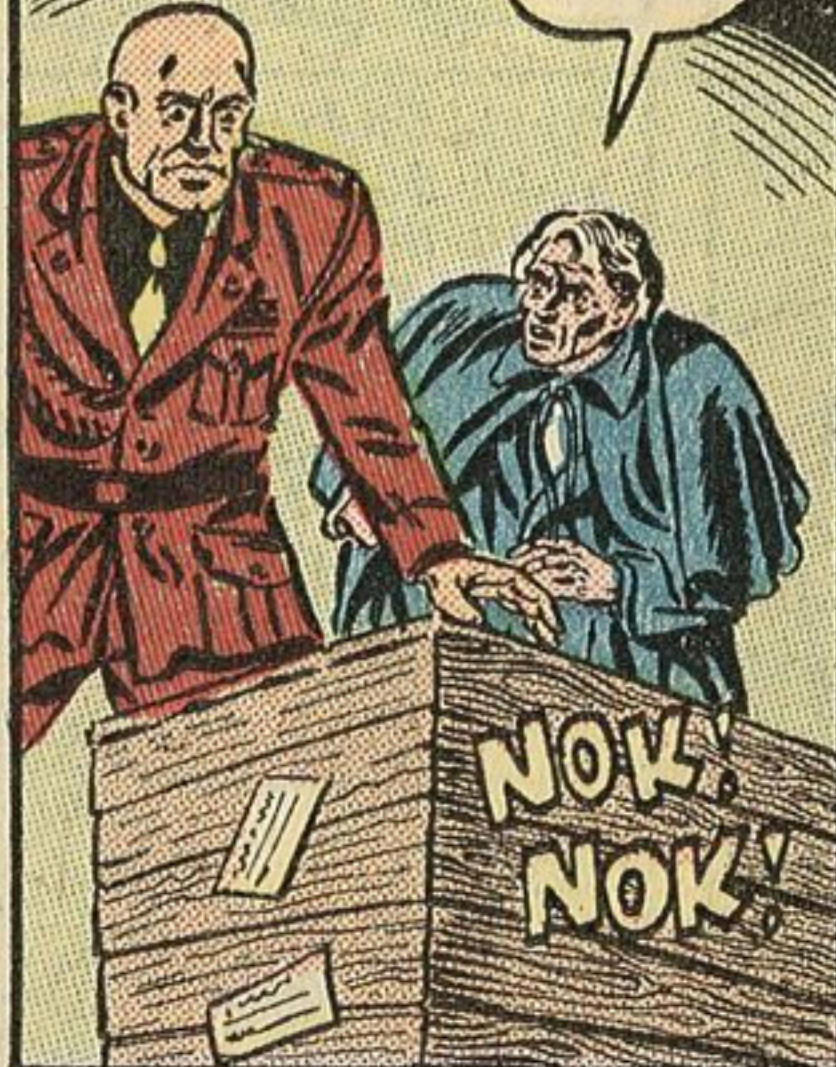
THE DEVIL HAS TRICKED ME!
ONLY HISTORY'S DESPOTS
HAVE GAINED LIFE! THE
HEROES, THE GOOD MEN--
THEY'RE STILL DEAD!



YES, IT IS WRITTEN THAT SATAN
HAS POWER ONLY OVER THE
SOULS OF THE EVIL! THUS, LIFE
HAD BEEN GIVEN ONLY TO
MUSSOLINI, JACK THE RIPPER, AND
ATTILA THE HUN! BUT-- THE
ACME OF HORROR WAS
YET TO COME...

THAT RAPPING--
IT COMES FROM
THAT
WOODEN
BOX!

IT'S A
NEW
STATUE!
IT JUST
ARRIVED
TODAY,
BUT...



NO, PLEASE!
NOT-- HIM!

OUT
OF MY
WAY!



THEN, MORE EVIL, GRIMMER THAN EVER--
HISTORY'S ARCH-CRIMINAL!

I HAVE BEEN GIVEN ANOTHER CHANCE!
THIS TIME, WITH SUCH HELPERS, I SHALL
NOT FAIL! I WILL DESTROY
CIVILIZATION-- IN
ONE MONTH!

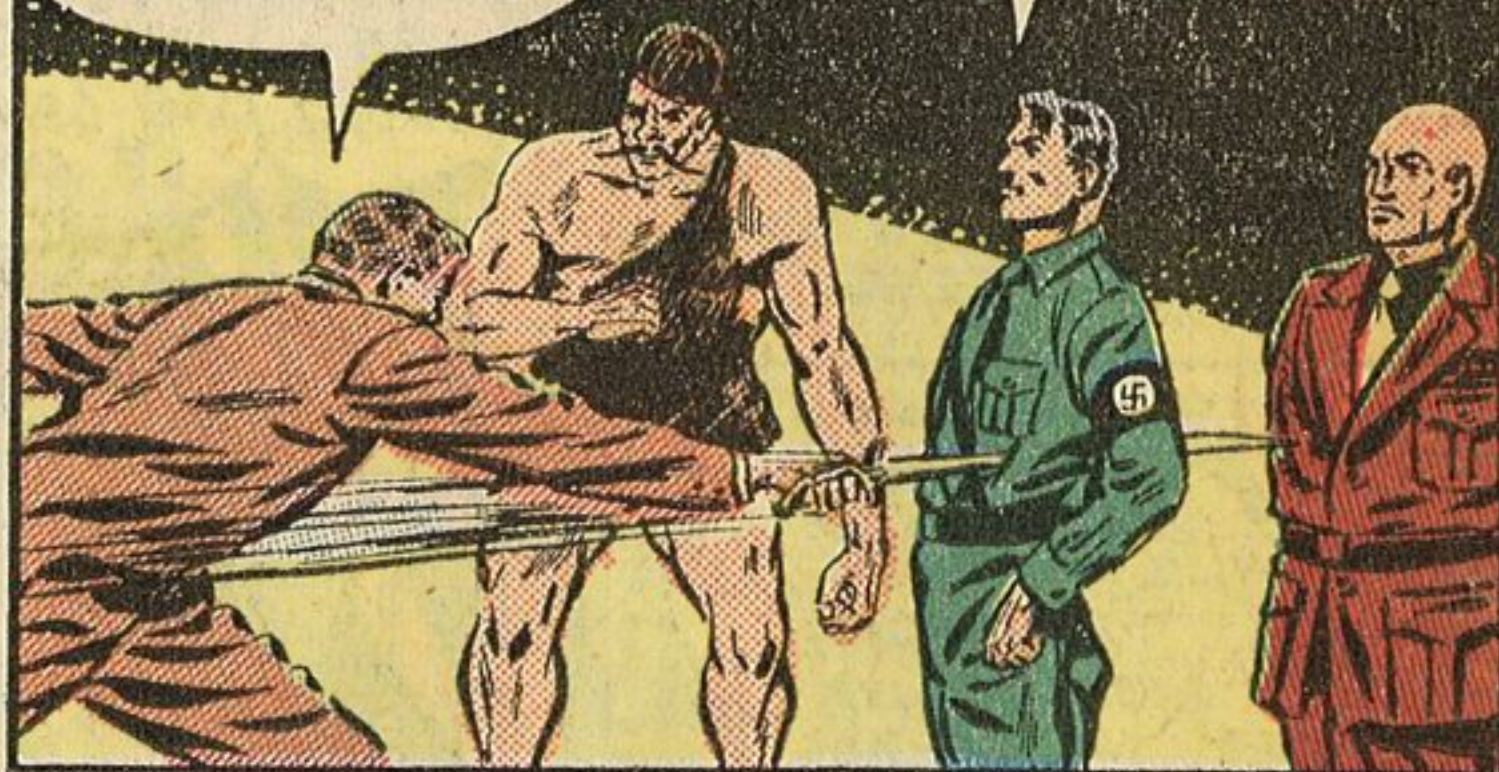


NO, LEN
-- YOU
MUSTN'T!

IT'S ALL
I CAN
TAKE!
I'M
PUTTING
A STOP
TO THIS
RIGHT
NOW!

THIS SHOULD CUT THE
WICK OUT OF YOU
WALKING CANDLES!
WHAT THE---!

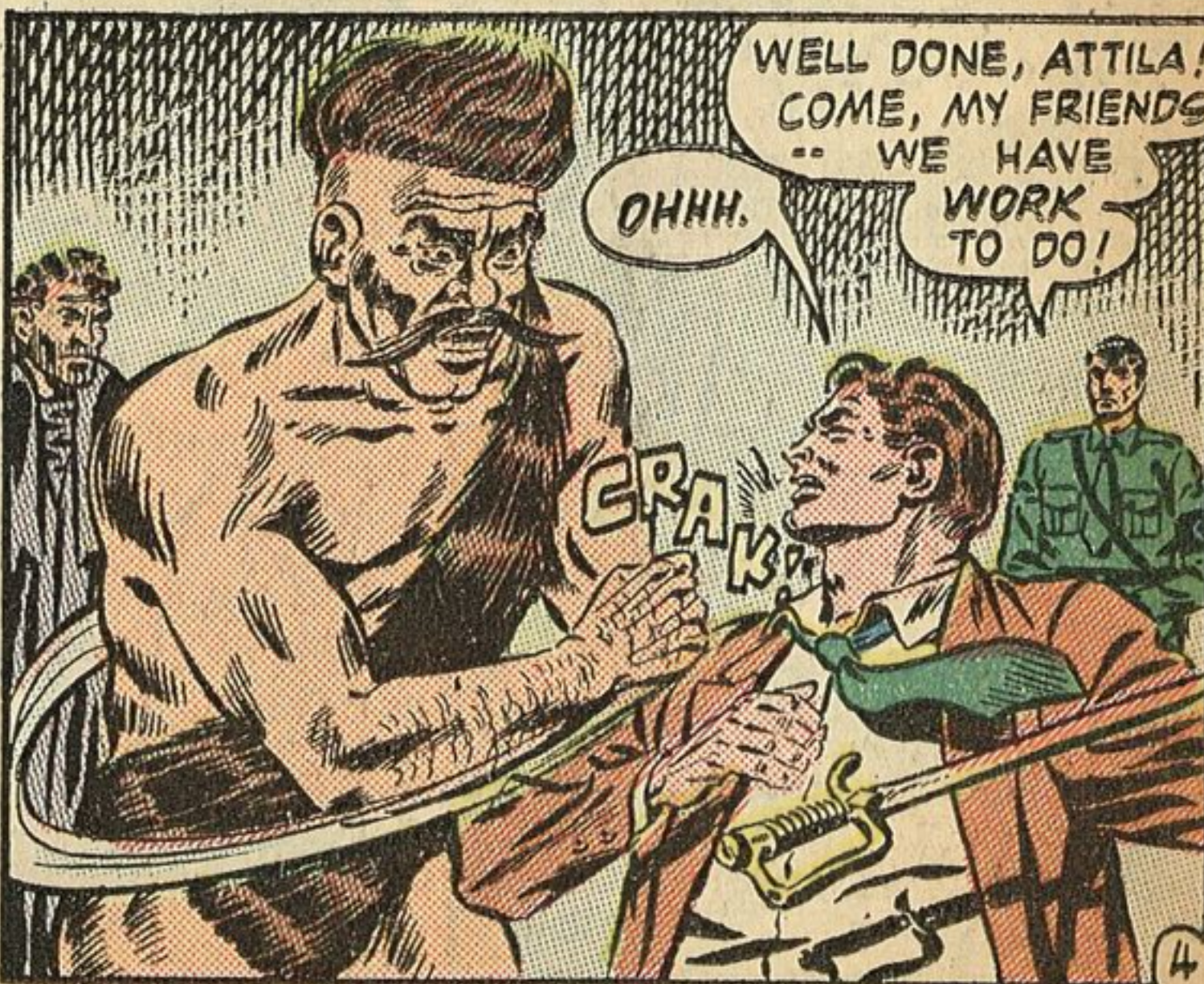
Dumkopf! YOU CANNOT
HARM MY WAX BODY! I
AM INVULNERABLE!

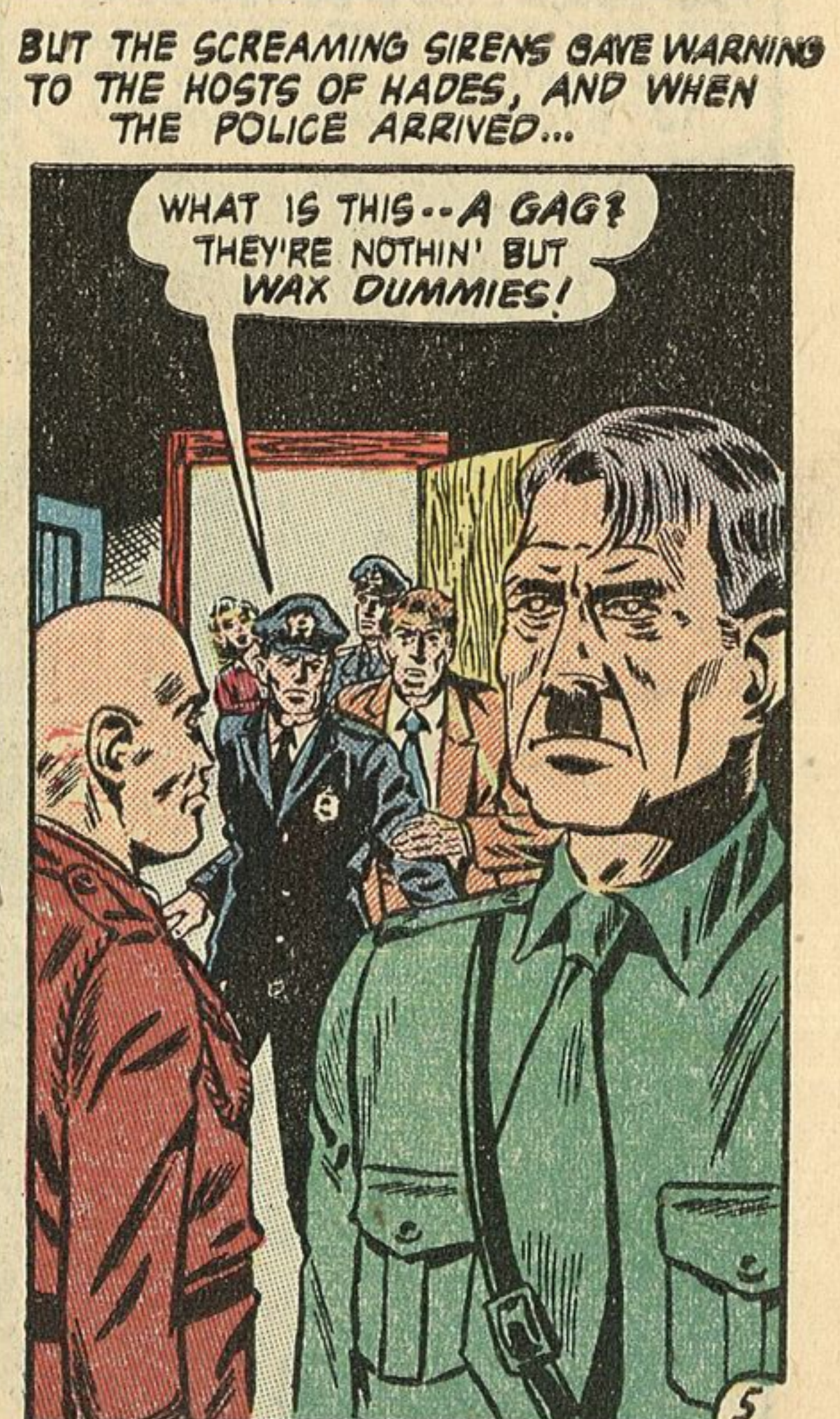
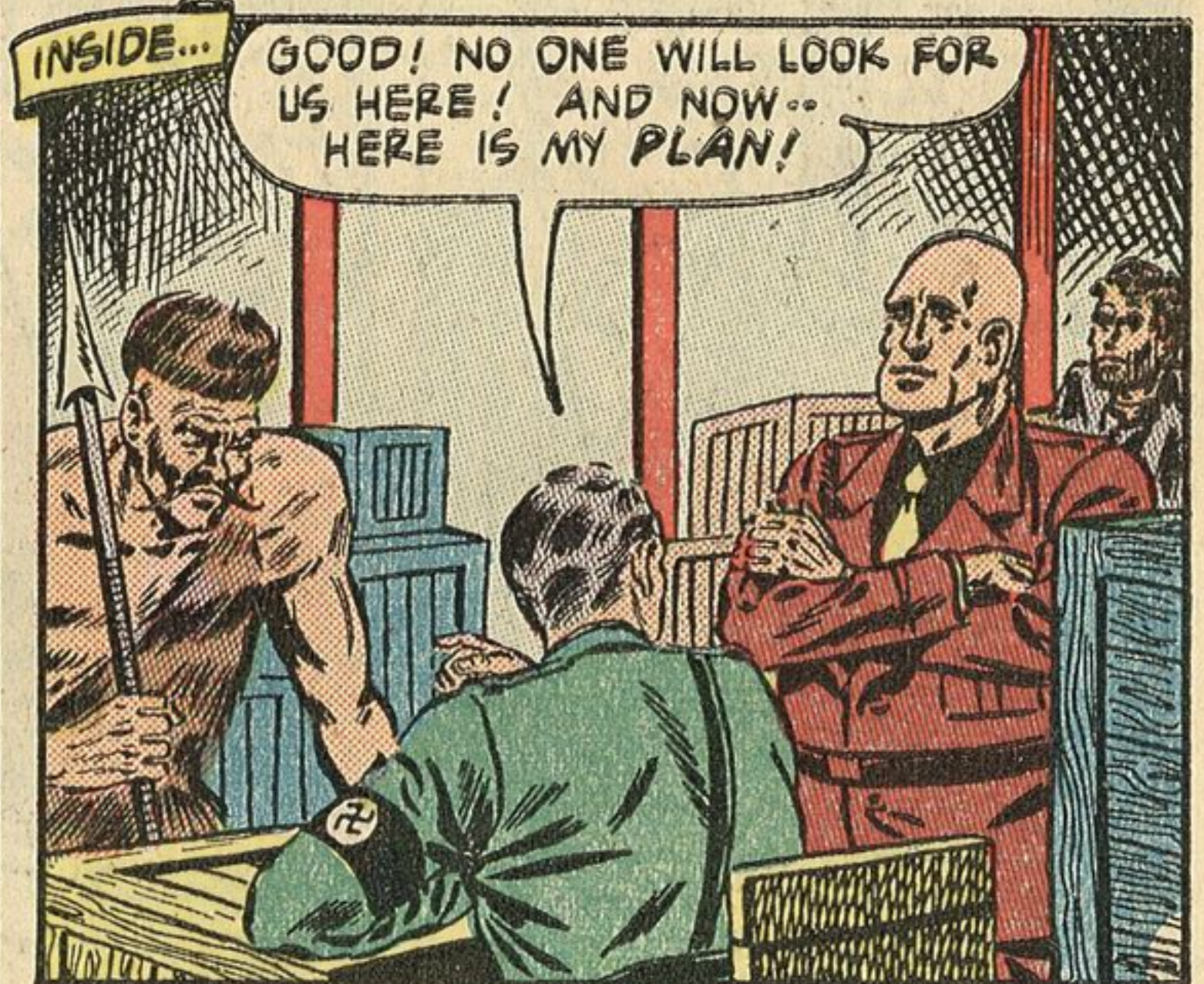


WELL DONE, ATTILA!
COME, MY FRIENDS
-- WE HAVE
WORK
TO DO!

OH...H...

CRACK!







BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! THEY...

LOOK, DOC-- I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS NONSENSE! IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOUR REPUTATION, I'D RUN YOU IN!

BUT AS SOON AS THE POLICE LEFT...

LOOK OUT! THEY'RE MOVING AGAIN!

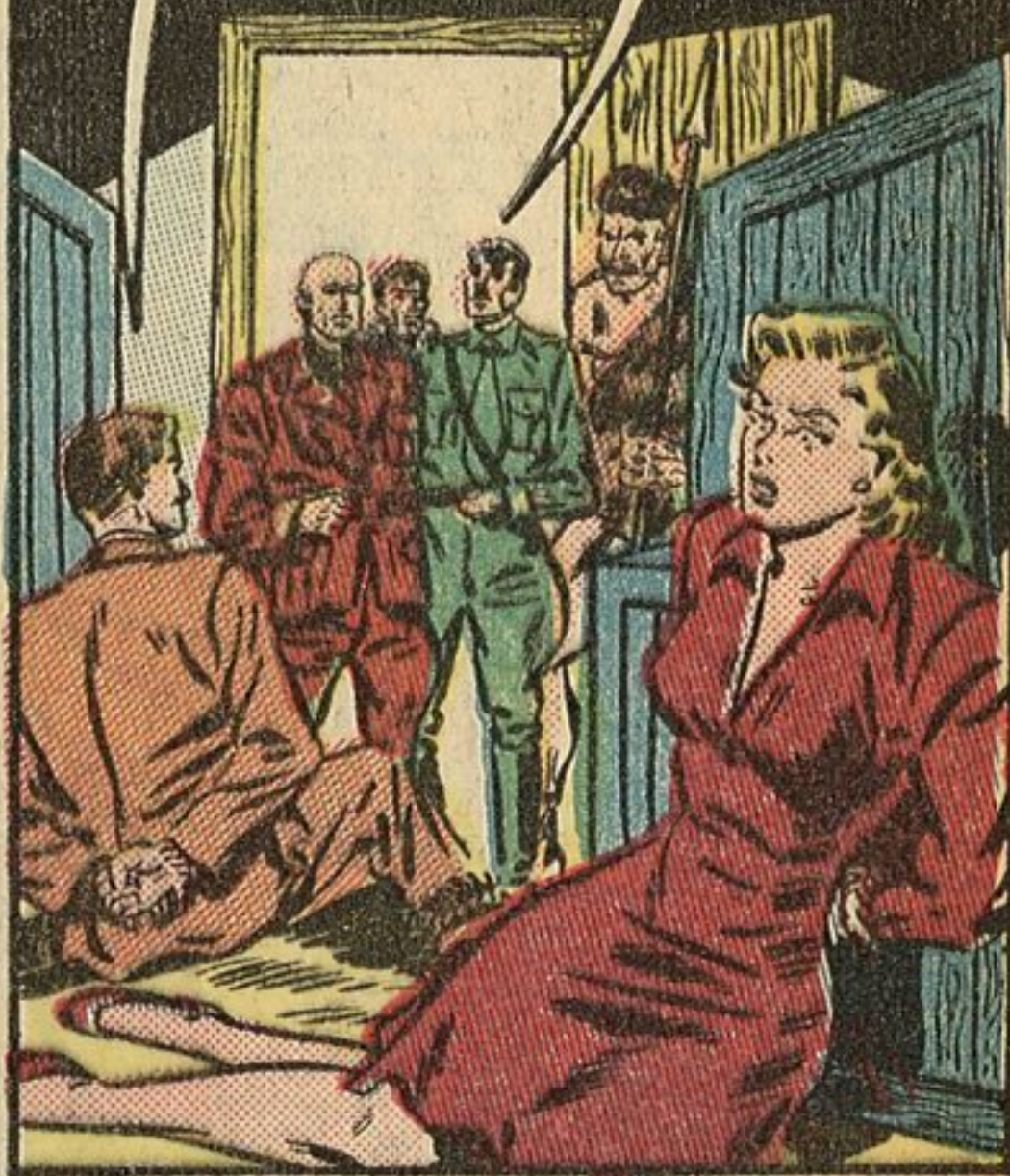
OF COURSE, YOU IDIOTS! YOU SHOULD HAVE LEFT WHEN YOU COULD! SEIZE THEM!



AFTER A SHORT, BUT FIERCE STRUGGLE...

YOU DEMONS-- YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS!

NO? PERHAPS YOU'LL FEEL DIFFERENTLY.. AFTER WE STEAL AN ATOM BOMB! WHEN WE RETURN, YOU WILL DIE-- ALONG WITH THE REST OF CIVILIZATION!



MEANWHILE, AT THE MUSEUM...

PROFESSOR, YOU'D BETTER GO TO THE OLD WAREHOUSE AND COLLECT YOUR STATUES -- AND TELL FRAN TO STOP PLAYING GAMES!

GOOD HEAVENS! SHE MUST BE IN TROUBLE ALREADY!



MINUTES LATER...

...AND THAT'S THE STORY, DAD! OH, WHAT CAN WE DO? W-WE'RE HELPLESS!

PERHAPS-- NOT!

YOU KIDDIN'? NOTHING CAN STOP THOSE FREAKS!



A STRANGE LIGHT APPEARED IN THE PROFESSOR'S EYES! THEN...

I DON'T WANT FRAN TO HEAR, BUT I HAVE A PLAN-- THE ONLY PLAN THAT CAN WORK AGAINST THOSE MONSTERS! LISTEN...

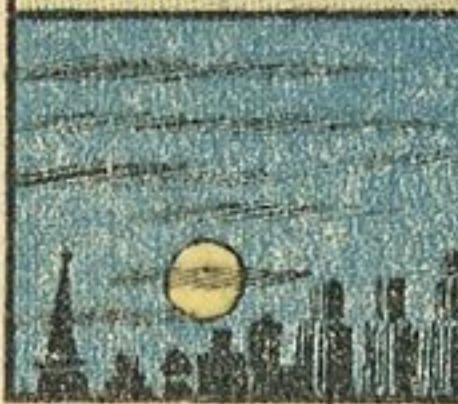
ALL RIGHT-- BUT MEANWHILE CUT ME FREE!



WHEN THE PROFESSOR'S GRIM DETERMINATION WAS UNFOLDED...



AS MIDNIGHT STRUCK IN THE DARKENED MUSEUM, WITH THE FATE OF MANKIND HANGING IN THE BALANCE...



HEAR MY WORDS, O SATAN-- MIGHTY RULER OF THE UNDERWORLD! RISE.. RISE!

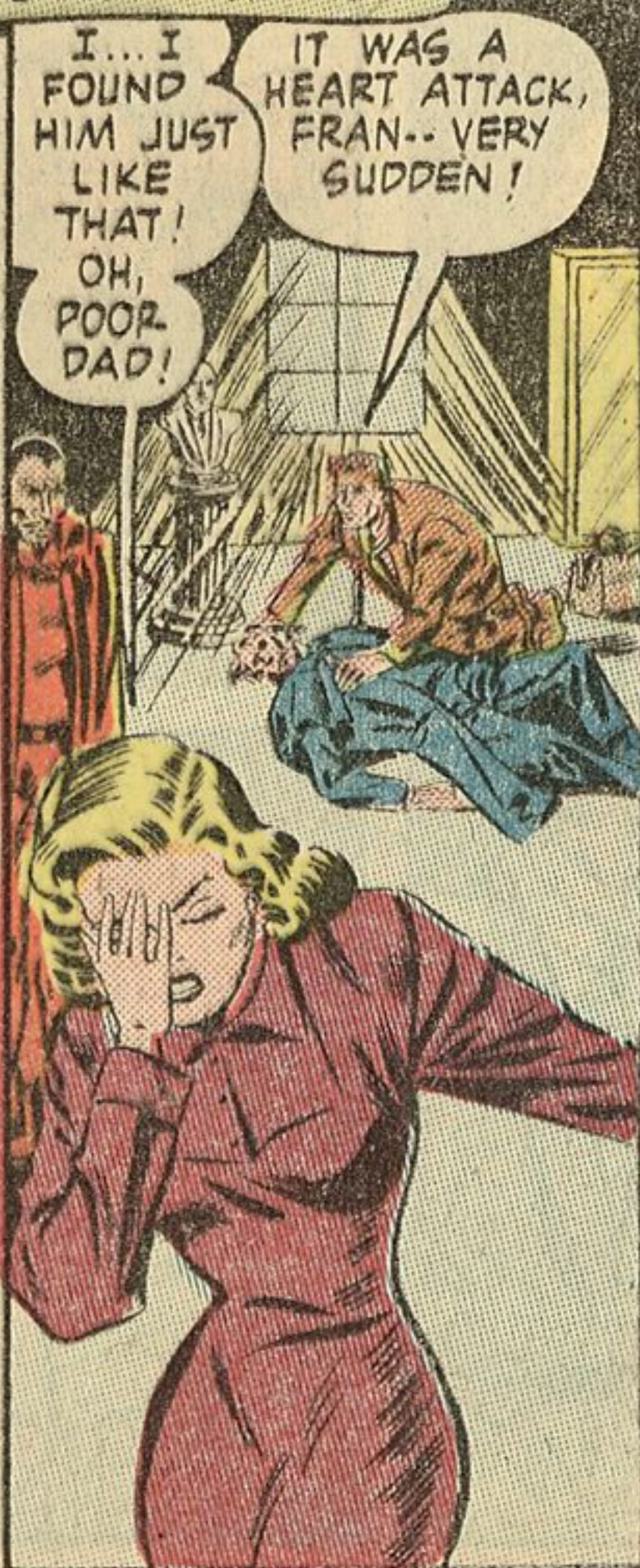
WHY AM I SUMMONED SO SOON? IT IS NOT YET TIME!



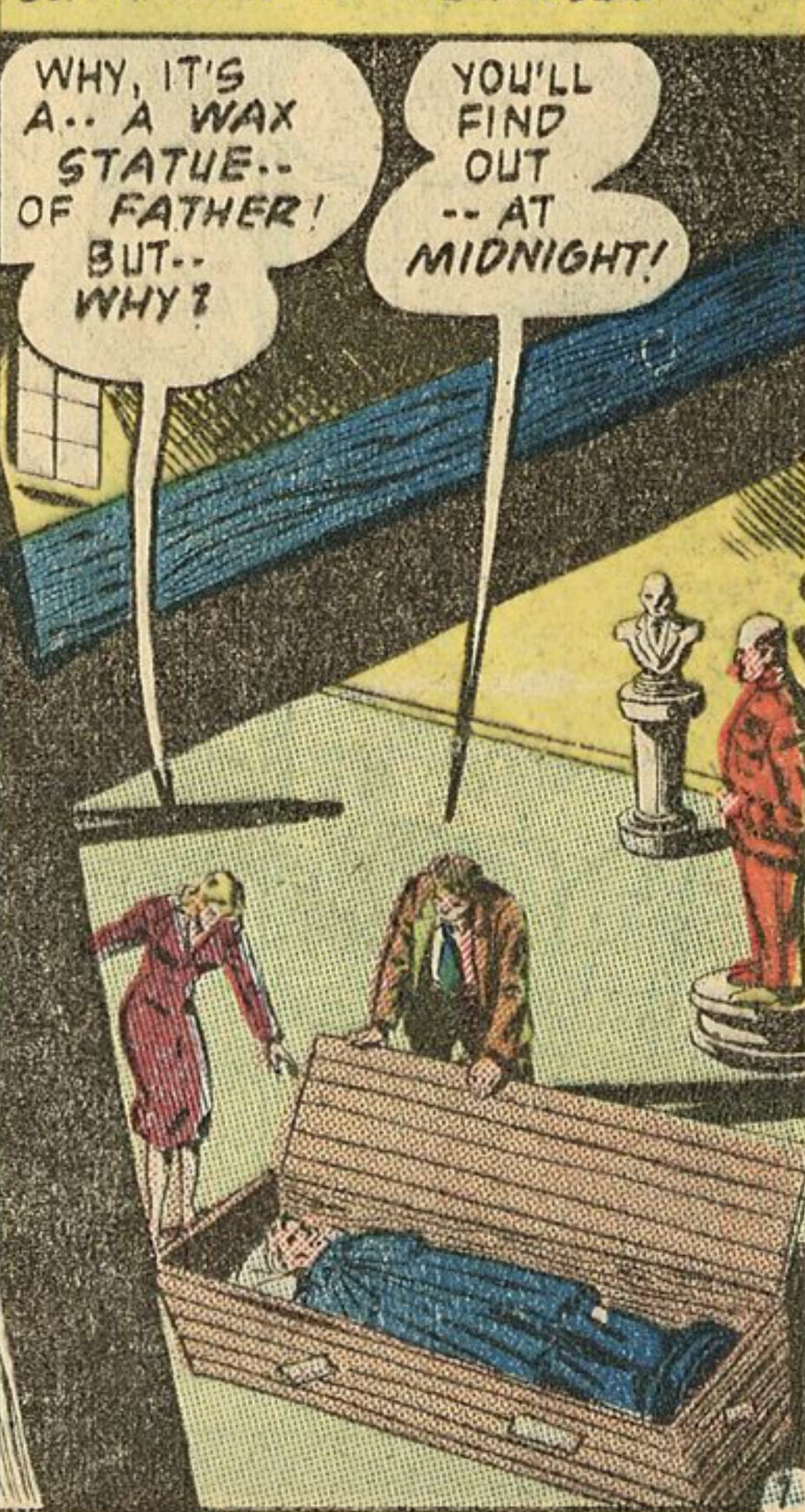
I HAVE FAILED HUMANITY-- AND HAVE NOTHING MORE TO LIVE FOR! TAKE MY SOUL-- NOW!



NEXT MORNING...



DAYS LATER, WHEN A LONG WOODEN BOX ARRIVED AT THE MUSEUM...



ONCE AGAIN, AT THE WITCHING HOUR,
AS THE FEARFUL INCANTATION ECHOED
IN THE SHROUDED GLOOM...

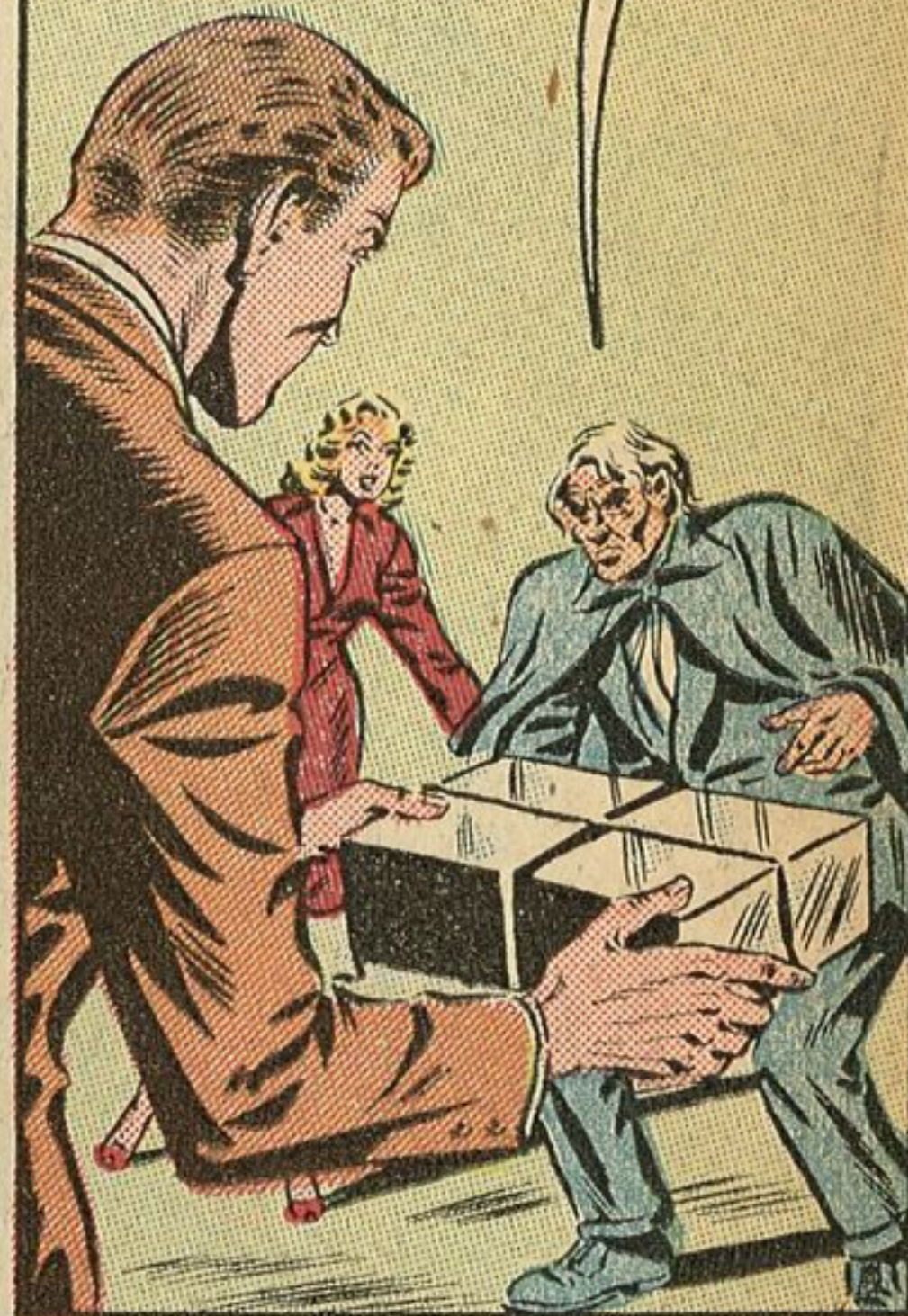


YES.. I'M ALIVE! FRAN,
DEAR, I HAD TO DO
THIS -- TO LEARN
HITLER'S PLANS,
AND OUTWIT HIM --
AS A FELLOW
SPIRIT!



HERE'S THE
PACKAGE YOU
ORDERED --
FROM THE
HARDWARE
STORE!

GOOD.. WE'LL
NEED IT! NOW,
WE MUST WORK
FAST -- THE
FIENDS
ALREADY
HAVE THE
BOMB!



THE FINAL MEETING OF THE UNHOLY FOUR -- AND IN
AN INNOCENT-LOOKING VALISE: THE POWER
TO DESTROY AN ENTIRE CITY!



THAT VOICE -- IT'S HIM
AGAIN! KILL HIM!

YEAH? WE'LL
SEE ABOUT--
THAT!



THIS'D
BETTER
WORK!

HA! YOU'RE TRAPPED!
THERE ARE NO OTHER
EXITS TO THIS ROOM,
AND NOW -- YOU DIE --
MESSILY!



BUT AT THAT CRUCIAL MOMENT, THE PROFESSOR MADE HIS WELL-TIMED APPEARANCE -- WITH AN ACETYLENE TORCH...



YOU OLD FOOL-- I TOLD YOU WE WE INVULNERABLE! BUT YOU'RE NOT!

HA! HA! I'M MADE OF WAX, TOO-- EVEN AS YOU! AND NOW, LET'S SEE IF YOU'RE INVULNERABLE TO FIRE!



AND THUS, HITLER'S SECOND ATTEMPT TO DESTROY THE WORLD ENDED IN SEARING FLAME-- LIKE THE FIRST!



THE GHASTLY BUSINESS DONE, THEY RETURNED TO THE MUSEUM-- FOR ANOTHER MEETING!

NOW, SATAN-- MY WORK IS DONE! I AM READY TO GO WITH YOU-- FOR GOOD!

NO! YOU'RE TOO GOOD! YOU'D CORRUPT MY DOMAIN! YOU'LL HAVE TO GO ELSEWHERE! FAREWELL!



AS THE DEFEATED DEVIL DISAPPEARED...

WELL, I... I GUESS THERE'S ONLY ONE OTHER PLACE I CAN GO! SO LONG, KIDS-- AND GOOD LUCK!



AS THE PROFESSOR TOOK HIS PLACE AMONG THE WAX STATUES THAT REMAINED, HIS FEATURES STIFFENED, THE LIFE FORCE VANISHED-- UNTIL ONLY THE SMILE REMAINED...

WELL, ANYWAY-- HE'S CERTAINLY IN GOOD COMPANY!



"True" VAMPIRES of HISTORY

DURING THE MIDDLE AGES, THE BATHORY FAMILY WAS ONE OF THE WEALTHIEST AND MOST POWERFUL IN HUNGARY, NUMBERING AMONG ITS MEMBERS KINGS, JUDGES, AND GOVERNORS-- AND THE MOST NOTORIOUS VAMPIRE OF ALL TIME-- COUNTESS ELIZABETH BATHORY!



WHEN ELIZABETH WAS BORN IN 1560, THE BATHORY FAMILY HAD ALREADY BECOME ADDICTED TO THE PRACTICE OF SORCERY AND WITCHCRAFT! ELIZABETH HERSELF WAS BROUGHT UP BY PEOPLE LIKE ILONE JOF, A NURSE-WITCH... THORKO, THE MANSERVANT-SORCERER... DOROTTYA SZENTES AND DARVULA, FOREST WITCHES-- ALL OF WHOM TAUGHT THE YOUNG ELIZABETH EVERYTHING THEY KNEW OF BLACK MAGIC!



BUT THE COUNTESS DIDN'T LEARN THE MOST GHASTLY SECRETS OF THE DEVIL'S ARTS UNTIL SHE ELOPED WITH A YOUNG NOBLEMAN WHO WAS HIMSELF SAID TO BE-- A VAMPIRE!



SOON AFTERWARDS, ELIZABETH RETURNED TO THE CASTLE OF CSEJTH, ALONE-- AND THE YOUNG NOBLEMAN WAS NEVER HEARD OF AGAIN! RUMORS WERE RIFE THAT THE COUNTESS HAD MADE HIM HER FIRST VICTIM-- AND PEASANTS BEGAN TO CLAIM THAT THE FIGURE OF THE COUNTESS COULD BE SEEN FLITTING OUT OF THE CASTLE WINDOWS AT NIGHT-- AS A VAMPIRE!



SOON PEASANT GIRLS BY THE SCORE BEGAN DISAPPEARING FROM THE COUNTRYSIDE-- TO END UP AS THE COUNTESS' VICTIMS IN THE DUNGEONS AND CELLARS OF THE CASTLE!



AUTHORITIES WERE AFRAID TO ACT-- BECAUSE ELIZABETH WAS SAID TO HAVE A CERTAIN INCANTATION, KEPT CONTINUOUSLY ON HER PERSON, WHICH WOULD BRING HORRIBLE DEATH TO THOSE WHO TRIED TO HARM HER! BUT FINALLY A SERVING MAID, DEMOISELLES BARSOVNY, WAS BRIBED TO STEAL THE INCANTATION WHILE THE COUNTESS SLEPT!



ON THE NIGHT OF DECEMBER 31ST, 1590, THE CASTLE OF CSEJTH WAS RAIDED BY THE GOVERNOR OF THE PROVINCE AND SOLDIERS-- BUT EVEN THOUGH THE INCANTATION WAS DESTROYED, SIX "ENCHANTED" FELINE SHAPES LEAPED OUT OF NOWHERE TO ATTACK THE GOVERNOR AS HE DESCENDED THE STEPS LEADING TO THE DUNGEONS!



BUT WHEN THE GUARDS THRUST UP THEIR PIKES IN DEFENSE...



UNDAUNTED, THE GOVERNOR AND THE SOLDIERS BURST INTO THE DUNGEONS-- AND INTERRUPTED THE HIDEOUS RITES BEING ENACTED!



WHEN THE BODIES OF SOME FIFTY VICTIMS WERE EXHUMED FROM THE DUNGEON FLOORS, THE WITCHES CONFESSED TO THEIR HORRIBLE CRIMES! AT THEIR TRIAL IN BISCHÉ IN JANUARY, 1591...



THEODOSIUS DE SZULO, JUDGE OF THE ROYAL SUPREME COURT, SENTENCED ALL OF THE COUNTESS' ACCOMPLICES TO DEATH!



BUT THE COUNTESS BATHORY WAS WALLED UP IN HER OWN BEDCHAMBER BY ORDER OF THE KING HIMSELF-- AND WAS CONDEMNED TO SOLITARY IMPRISONMENT FOR LIFE!



ON AUGUST 21ST, 1614, COUNTESS ELIZABETH BATHORY DIED-- AND THE DIABOLICAL CAREER OF THE MOST INFAMOUS VAMPIRE OF ALL TIME WAS OVER!

THE END

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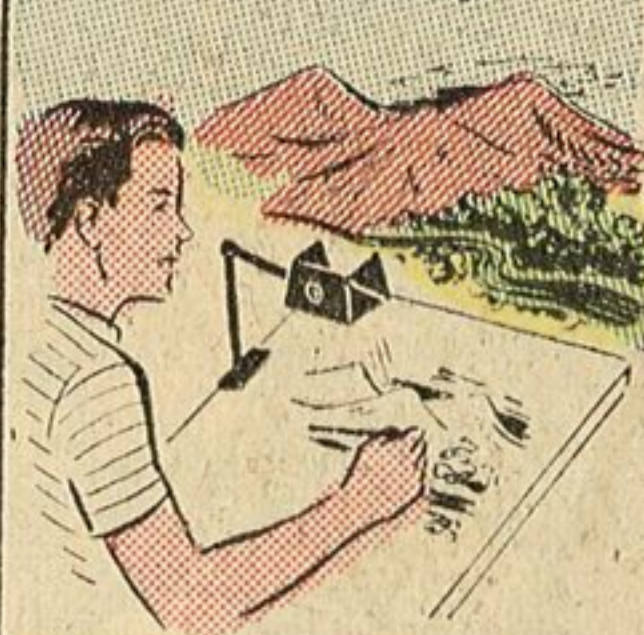
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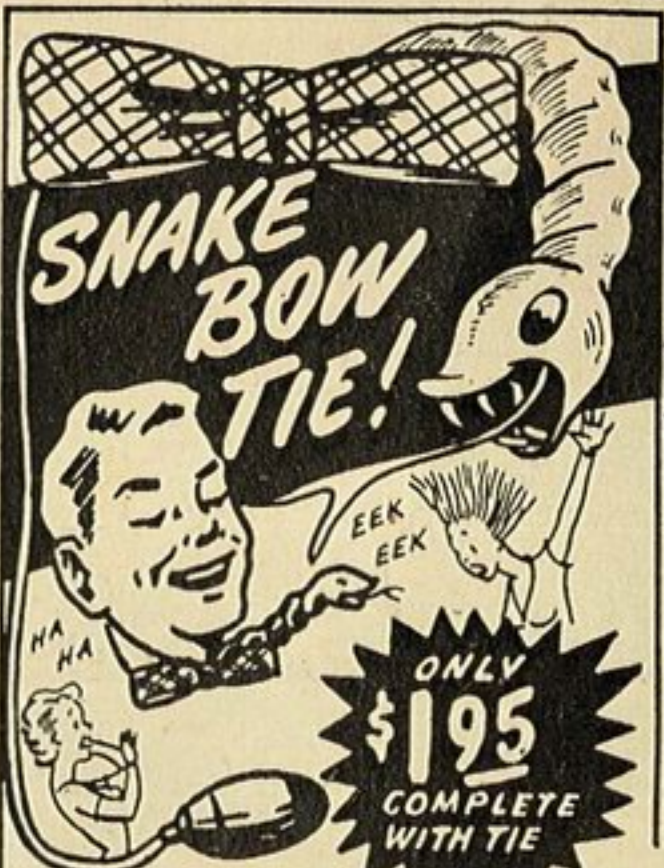


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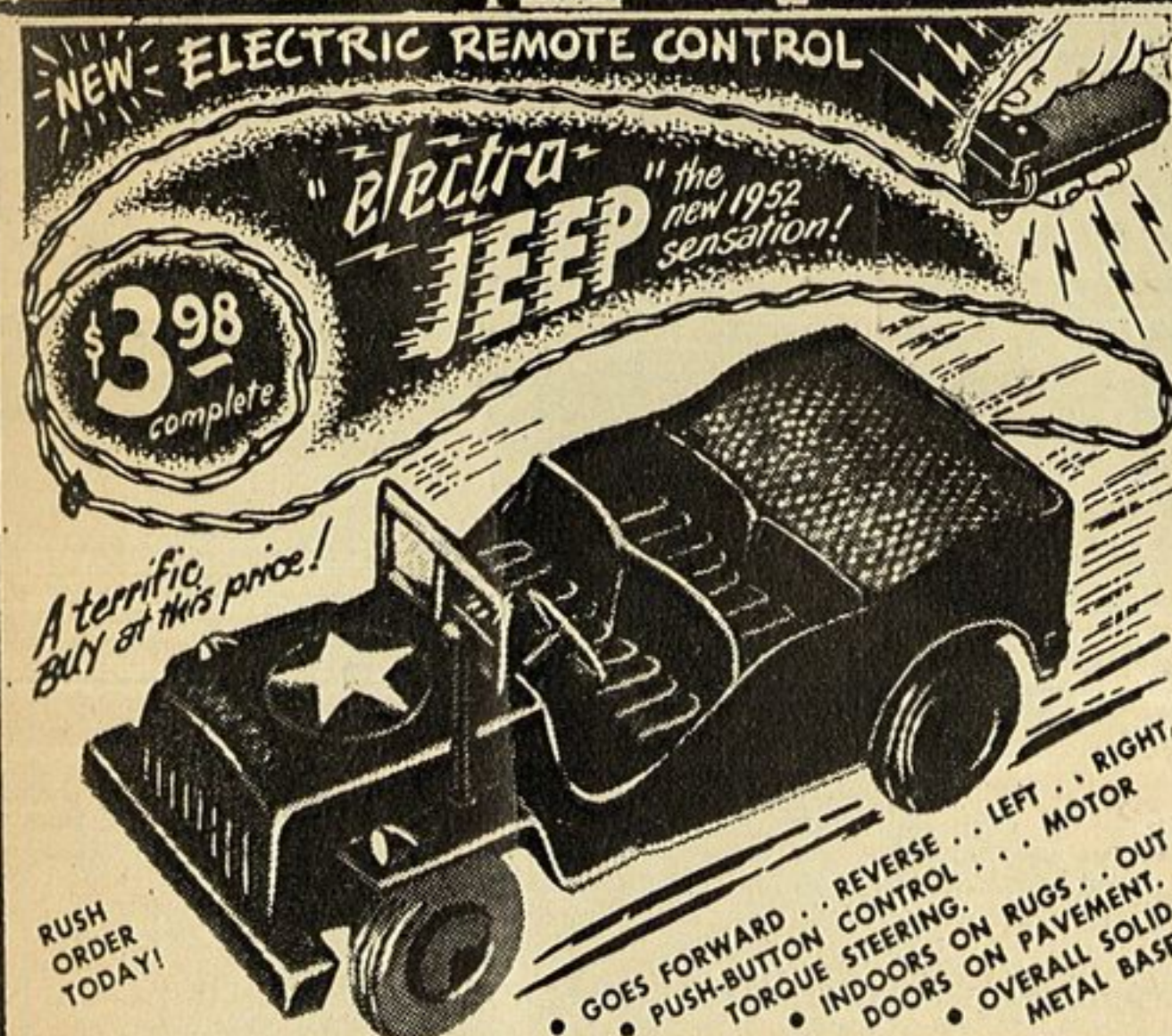


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